CHICAGO SENSATIONS

Leaves from the Note Book

OF

CHICAGO REPORTER

AND

DETECTIVE.

THE EXECUTIONER'S REVENGE. Translated from the French of LÉONCE FERRET. 12mo, cloth, 313 pages.

A story of the French Revolution, in which the wild passions of that bloody period found vent in private feuds as well as popular upheavals. An intensely tragic romance.

A very intense French novel by an able writer, most admirably translated. It is original in conception, a plot deep and well developed, the interest sustained to the very end. The dialogue is crisp and bright, the situations dramatic, and the whole story exceedingly well told.—*Toledo Blade.*

A fine piece of typographical work, and very creditable to the well-known house from which it is issued. The story is more dignified than the usual run of French stories.—*Indianapolis Daily Journal.*

WAS IT A MURDER? or Who is the Heir? From the French of FORTUNÉ DU BOISGOBEY. 12mo, cloth, 341 pages.

A highly entertaining romance, relating to French provincial life and modern people. The plot is complicated, the characters superbly drawn, and the story so charmingly told that the reader's interest is fully sustained from the opening to the close of the volume.

OVERLAND GUIDE, from the Missouri River to the Pacific Ocean. Illustrated. CHAS. S. GLEED, Editor. 12mo, 245 pages. Price, $1.00 in cloth, 50 cents in paper.

Something quite different from the ordinary guide-book species. There is nothing ephemeral about it. It was not made to order, nor is it the result of an ill-digested cram at the libraries. It tells all about places of note on the great lines of travel through Kansas, Colorado, New Mexico, Arizona, and California. Besides its descriptions of scenery, it is crowded with information derived from personal inquiry and practical observation, and written in a pleasing, graceful style of conscientious accuracy and subdued imagination. It contains also the Mining Laws of the United States, repeal provisions and regulations, and Mining Laws of Colorado, Arizona, and New Mexico. An invaluable book of reference or for solid information sought by the traveler, whether bent on business or pleasure.

* * * It is indispensable. * * * No one taking the favorite western trip can afford to be without it.—*Kansas City Journal.*

* * * It is safe to say that no question asked by the multitudinous western tourists and immigrants remains unanswered by the editor of the *Overland Guide.* * * * The numerous and fine illustrations with which the *Overland Guide* is embellished make it a handsome as well as a useful addition to any library.—*The Capital, Topeka, Kans.*

* * * The book forms, in fact, a veritable encyclopedia of information upon the population, agriculture, topography, geography, mineralogy, scenery and antiquities of the region which it describes, and upon these points is a ready-reference manual of the highest sort.—*The Interior, Chicago.*

* * * It is a publication of great value to the thousands who for various reasons are interested in the region described.—*Chicago Times.*

* * * It gives a vast amount of useful and practical information never before compiled. * * * The illustrations are very fine.—*Detroit Free Press.*

CHICAGO SENSATIONS;

OR,

LEAVES

FROM THE

NOTE BOOK OF A CHICAGO REPORTER

AND

DETECTIVE.

ILLUSTRATED.

Chicago:
RAND, McNALLY & CO.
1886.

Entered according to Act of Congress, in the year 1881, by
RAND, McNALLY & CO.,
In the Office of the Librarian of Congress, at Washington, D. C.

GU3218

TO THE READER.

THE collection of stories here presented form the "abstract and brief chronicle" of certain events which from time to time have come under the notice of the writer. In a few instances a part of the story has found its way into the newspapers, but in the majority of cases the "sensations" were literally "suppressed." For obvious reasons some changes have been made in names and locations, but the tales are substantially what they purport to be — Leaves from the Note Book of a

REPORTER.

CONTENTS.

			PAGES
LEAF	I.	A Mysterious Murder,	5— 26
"	II.	The Romance of a Tramp,	27— 48
"	III.	The Carnival's Victim,	49— 74
"	IV.	The Story of a Waif,	75— 94
"	V.	The Tell-Tale Skull,	95—122
"	VI.	Janet and Jamie,	123—138
"	VII.	The Witness from the Dead,	139—154

LEAF I.

A MYSTERIOUS MURDER.

CHICAGO has always been notorious for its criminals. Other cities can boast of desperate thieves, thugs and murderers, but for ingenious rascality and blood-curdling scoundrelism, the outlaws of the Garden City carry off the palm. No satisfactory explanation of our excessive criminality has ever been given, and it is not my purpose to attempt one. It may be that the lax administration of justice in the city encourages the thief and midnight assassin; it may be that our citizens

have learned to look upon pre-eminence in vice and wickedness as an additional feather in the cap of the Northwestern metropolis; it may be that our unchecked gambling dens and our unbridled saloons have had the effect of making our criminals more reckless and daring than the same class in other cities. Whatever the cause, such is the fact.

But it is not alone in the lower and brutal grades of crime that Chicago stands pre-eminent. A certain looseness of morals exists which has no parallel in any other city in the world. The divorce courts are blocked with business, and the deadly canker of domestic infelicity is daily destroying thousands of homes which should be temples of love and joy and peace.

Strange and horrible crimes often spring from this domestic discord. This leaf will reveal one of many features of horror and painful sadness. It will show to what extent misguided passion will lead its victims—to what extreme a deceived woman will go for revenge.

In the spring of 1873 the community was shocked by the murder of a prominent citizen in one of the best known and most splendidly appointed of our hotels. A number of mysterious

circumstances surrounded the case. The man—a large and prosperous merchant—had visited the hotel alone early in the evening, and registering as "Jas. Russell, Cleveland, Ohio," engaged a room for the night. He told the clerk that his wife, who was visiting friends at Evanston, would arrive at the hotel within an hour or two, and he gave instructions that she should be shown up to his apartment. In the meantime he would lie down and rest, as he felt somewhat sick.

About half-past nine, a lady closely veiled but answering the description given, inquired for Mr. James Russell, and was shown to the room. The lights were burning very low, and the gentleman was apparently asleep on the couch. The lady sat down by his side and stroked his head caressingly, but did not wake him. This much the attendant saw before closing the door.

Mr. Russell had requested to be called at eight the next morning. At that hour a domestic rapped at the door, but getting no response, she knocked and knocked again, and, receiving no answer, turned the handle. To her surprise the door was not locked. She opened it and looking into the apartment saw Russell was lying on the couch. She approached with the intention of

arousing him, but started back in horror when she saw a bullet wound in his forehead, and a pool of blood on the floor.

The rest of the house was speedily aroused, and a scene of the wildest excitement ensued. Messengers were hurriedly dispatched to the police head-quarters, and the office of the coroner. There was great commotion and consternation among the guests. Doctors were summoned, and declared that Mr. Russell had been dead a number of hours. Search was made for the weapon, but none was found. No one remembered the lady leaving the house. No one could give an intelligent description of her appearance. She was a stranger to the neighborhood.

The position of the wound, as well as the course of the bullet, precluded the idea of suicide. It was evident that Russell had been murdered, and that the assassin was the lady with whom he had an appointment the night before.

These, in brief, were the facts which came out on the inquest. Detective skill was employed to ferret out the murderess. Days, weeks and months passed, but the crime remained shrouded in mystery. The house suffered greatly. It was,

although not one of the largest, yet one of the finest in the city, and patronized by high class customers, who preferred its quiet elegance and home comforts to the more pretentious glitter of the great hotels. But from this time its decay was rapid, and it has never recovered from the shock.

Mr. Russell was a married man, as well as a member of one of the fashionable churches, and his sudden and horrible death was a great shock to those who knew him. For weeks the matter was discussed in social circles, and expressions of horror were heard on all sides.

The domestic relationships of the murdered man had always seemed calm and felicitous. His wife was a pretty, well-formed brunette, of rare intelligence and accomplishments. She was devoted to her husband, who in turn appeared to lose no opportunity of paying her attentions generally deemed outside the regulation duty of a well-established spouse.

Their residence on Michigan avenue was a model of comfort and refinement. Each season small parties had been given by Mr. and Mrs. Russell, which were famed in social circles for good taste and pleasurable success.

At the inquest, and for several months afterwards, the widow was bowed down with grief. She testified always to the deep affection which her husband had shown since marriage, and tears coursed down her cheeks when she related the many acts of love and kindness he had performed. She was heart-broken at the manner of his death, and any allusion thereto caused her to break down in a painful fit of weeping.

Six months after the tragedy, still the same sorrowing, grief-stricken woman, Mrs. Russell broke up her establishment and went East. For some time her most intimate friends lost sight of her.

In due time the daily press dropped the sensation. It ran the usual course. Other horrors intervened, and the interest in the Russell murder was swamped.

While working up the case I became acquainted with a young detective named Harris. He was an enthusiast in his profession, and naturally took a great interest in this mysterious affair. Every now and then he would advance a theory directly opposed to the popular one, and I would as frequently pooh-pooh him into silence. But Harris kept on in his course of investigation,

and had great hopes of pocketing the $1,000 reward offered by the widow for the apprehension and conviction of the murderess.

In justice to the detective profession, without going into details I may state that Harris' theory did not turn out correct.

Its elaboration, however, resulted in the unravelment of the crime, and the motives which prompted it. Harris was as much shocked at the denouement as the writer was, and as the reader undoubtedly will be.

One evening in the autumn of 1875 Harris called upon me in the office, and said he had something of unusual importance for my private ear. I dispatched my work as rapidly as possible, and we repaired to an out-of-the-way beer saloon, where we could talk with freedom.

The story which Harris unfolded was deeply interesting. I will give it, as near as possible, in his own words:

"You remember the Russell murder, Frank? I have got the right scent at last. Don't laugh until you hear what I have to say. I've said little about the matter lately, but I have been working unceasingly on the case. I have discovered the murderess!"

I suppose I looked incredulous, for Harris continued, in a nettled tone, "Now, don't make a fool of yourself until you hear the facts. You must promise me faithfully that you will keep the thing quiet until I give you permission to publish."

Newspaper men are often called upon to give pledges of this character, and I had no hesitation in passing my word that nothing should be revealed until Harris was ready.

"You remember," resumed the young detective, "my old theory. I never told the circumstances upon which it was based, but I must communicate them now for you to properly understand what I am going to tell you. You remember that the servant who ushered the strange lady into the room where Russell was resting on the couch, told of her caressingly stroking the victim's head. I need not tell you that it is almost impossible for a woman to be so near a man and leave no trace of her presence. I am a married man and have often felt sheepish when my wife has picked a long hair from my coat, although I could take an oath that I had been up to nothing wrong. Well, I carefully examined Russell's coat collar, and was rewarded

by finding a hair six inches in length. It is here."

Harris pulled out his pocket-book and produced a yellow hair, carefully wrapped in tissue paper. I examined it, but could not see that it differed from other yellow hairs. The detective must have noticed this from the expression of my face, since he proceeded with his yarn with a smile indicative of superior wisdom.

"When I secured this prize, I knew I had a clue which might lead to the detection of the murderess. I jumped to the conclusion that the man had been killed by a blonde, and for weeks I tried to discover who the fair fiend was. My first step was to find out whether Russell had been in the habit of 'going around.' Careful inquiries revealed the fact that, like some other married men, he was not averse to forbidden fruit. But all my efforts to connect him with a fair-haired woman were fruitless. He seemed to have had a special liking for dark beauties.

"I pumped the widow to ascertain whether she knew aught of her husband's public habits, but she persisted in the statement that Mr. Russell acted in every respect like a model husband. The servants could give me no satis-

faction with regard to quarrels or jealous outbursts. Had it not been for the knowledge I gained outside, I should have been forced to the conclusion that the murdered merchant's character was of the most correct and exemplary kind.

"While musing over the case in a country hotel, one day, I happened to pick up an old and tattered copy of a Chicago daily. My eye came across the following 'personal':

BEAUTIFUL BLONDE.—Will the lady who recognized the gentleman at the corner of State and Madison, yesterday, send her address, in confidence, to R., Box 595, Post Office.

"It may have been the word 'blonde,' jumping with the subject uppermost in my mind, or it may have been some kind of magnetic inspiration, but a queer sort of sensation ran through my system, and I felt that I had struck another link in the chain of evidence, which would lead up to the detection and punishment of the assassin. I looked at the heading of the paper. It was dated six days before the murder. I seized a time table and found that a train left for Chicago in fifteen minutes. To settle my bill and leave my job in the hands of an assistant, was the work of but a few moments, and I was soon speeding towards Chicago.

"On arriving, I took a carriage and drove at once to the post office. My suspicion was confirmed. Box 595, at the time of the murder, was held by Russell!

"I at once sought a consultation with my chief. He was almost as excited as myself. 'Harry, my boy,' he said, 'you have struck it; go ahead.' We agreed upon a plan of operations, but I need not bore you with its details.

"I hunted up the domestic who accompanied the strange lady to the room of Mr. R. She repeated the story of the female visitor on the fatal night being closely veiled, and added that her voice was soft and bell-like, and she had yellow hair.

"I searched the files of the daily paper in which the advertisement appeared, but could find no other 'personal' which seemed to bear on the case. Two things were certain: that Mr. Russell had sought an appointment with a blonde lady, and that the mysterious visitor at the —— hotel had yellow hair.

"But what motive could a strange woman have in murdering Russell? Plunder was not the object, since his gold watch, money and other valuables were left untouched on his per-

son. There was no evidence pointing towards a quarrel. The position of the dead body clearly indicated that the man was lying peacefully on the couch when the fatal shot was fired.

"I tried every means known to the profession, to discover whether Russell had received a letter from the blonde. No papers of any consequence were found in the pockets of the murdered man. From a former clerk in Russell's office, I learned that the second day after the appearance of the advertisement, among the letters was one addressed simply with an initial and the number of the post office box. This the merchant read first, and thrust into the rear pocket of his pants. Two days afterwards another letter in the same handwriting, but fully addressed, came, and was torn up after being read by Mr. Russell.

"I sought an interview with the widow. She told me, through her sobs, that her husband had stated he would not be home early, on the evening of the murder. He gave no reason and she did not ask one.

"This last remark struck me as rather singular. Was he in the habit of staying out late without tendering a reason or excuse? No, she had never known it to happen before.

"This, also, struck me as singular. The most exemplary husbands stay out now and then, and I thought Mrs. Russell, instead of trying to aid me in the search for the assassin, was knowingly keeping back necessary information.

"I left the widow, after making arrangements for another interview. To my astonishment the next day her residence was advertised for immediate sale, the furniture to be auctioned the following day.

"I attended the sale. The goods were sold at an immense sacrifice, and a chum of mine took advantage of the opportunity to purchase a bureau for his bedroom. Mrs. Russell had taken up temporary quarters at the Palmer House.

"On getting the bureau to his lodgings, my friend began to dust out the drawers. On opening one he found an old yellow wig, done up in a fashionable shape. He mentioned the circumstance to me, and I persuaded him to give me the wig, on the ground that it would be useful in my professional pursuits.

"I lost no time in taking my treasure to the office. I compared the hair of the wig with the one I picked from off Russell's coat collar.

They were exactly alike in color and texture. I procured a strong microscope and by the aid of its piercing vision found similarities which could not be seen by the naked eye. I went in search of all the yellow wigs in the city. With none did the hair correspond in every particular as with the wig found in the bureau.

"I became convinced that the person who shot Russell wore that old yellow wig!

"But to make assurance doubly sure, I consulted an able scientist—a gentleman who has rendered valuable services in numerous intricate murder cases. I entrusted the single hair to his hands, with a request that he should make a report as to its peculiarities, if it possessed any. In two weeks' time I received his report. It was, of course, full of technicalities and scientific jargon, but the pith was that the hair had not fallen from the head of a living person!

"His reasons for this opinion were abstruse, but were none the less convincing. He pointed out certain peculiarities about the roots of human hair which he failed to find in the one I had submitted for his inspection. This, he was prepared to prove by scientific reasoning, was cut from a woman's head.

"I next took him the yellow wig, and after a few moments of comparison, he positively declared that the hair which I had taken from the coat collar dropped therefrom!"

Harris paused at this juncture. He evidently expected me to make some remark, and I asked if he had imparted to me the full extent of his researches.

"Yes," he replied, emphatically; "But I can lay my finger on the murderess at any moment!"

"Who in the world is she?" I inquired, half expecting what his answer would be.

"Mrs. Russell," was the rejoinder, given in a stage whisper.

"But the finding of this wig in a bureau which formerly belonged to her is not conclusive proof that she committed the horrible crime," I reasoned.

"Perhaps not to the reportorial mind, but it is to mine. Listen. The stories the widow has told about their happy marital relations are all bosh. My theory now is, that she loved Russell to distraction. His pecadillos became known to her, and she was fired with jealousy. She saw this 'personal' I have spoken of. She answered it, appointing a time and place of meeting. Her whole moral nature revolted at this last evidence of her husband's infidelity. She worked herself up to a frenzy of passion. She determined to keep the appointment, perhaps at first with the hope that she might win Russell back to a life of rectitude. She disguised herself in the old wig, the better to carry out her plans. She entered the room and found her recreant spouse sleeping

calmly while awaiting the coming of another. The demon of revenge and hatred got possession of her. She fired the fatal shot and sent the guilty soul of her husband into eternity! Then she hurried from the house. I am ready to stake my professional reputation on the correctness of this theory."

I muttered something about its being strange that none of the inmates of the house heard the report of the pistol.

"Oh," said Harris, "there is nothing peculiar about that. You know the racket that is often kicked up in the parlors of hotels. My explanation is, that there was a boisterous party in the house at the time, and the noise of the shot escaped attention amid the general confusion."

"Well, what do you propose to do?" was my next query.

"Do?" he rejoined, with a glitter of excitement in his eyes, "I am going to frighten her into a confession. If I can bring this case to a successful end, I am made for life. It's too good a chance for a young fellow to miss."

He then told me that Mrs. Russell was in Boston living quietly with some relatives. Next day he

was to start East to put his plan into execution. I was to be prepared to write up the sensation big on the receipt of telegraphic intimation of his success. In the meantime I was to keep my own counsel.

The following day I was surprised by another visit from the detective. There was a troubled, disappointed look on his face, and I at once thought that his pet theory had collapsed in some way or other. He did not wait for questions, but in a sepulchral tone exclaimed:

"It's all over. Mrs. Russell is dead!"

After recovering from my astonishment, I asked eagerly for particulars.

"Read these," he replied, thrusting two letters into my hands.

The first contained a simple announcement that Mrs. Russell had died very suddenly, and that among her papers the second letter was found securely sealed, with an indorsement that it should be sent to Harris immediately after the writer's death.

It is necessary for the purposes of this narrative that the sealed letter should be given in full. It was as follows:

"To Mr. H. Harris,

"——'s Detective Agency, Chicago.

"My Dear Friend—I feel that my life is fast ebbing away. Before I die I wish to make a confession which perhaps interests you now more than any one else. It is hard to do so, but I feel I must. The shocking truth must come out.

"My husband met his death at my hands!

"I know this horrible revelation will shock you deeply, but I make it so that you need not look any further for the murderer.

"I was driven to the deed by jealousy. I loved my husband dearly—so dearly that I preferred his death to dishonor,—for is it not dishonorable to leave a lawful, loving wife for the embraces of lewd and mercenary women?

"The appointment at the —— Hotel was made with me. I saw a 'personal' in a morning paper and answered it under a false name. The burning words of love with which my husband replied made me wild. I could think of nothing but my discarded affection. I could not keep down the mad promptings of revenge.

"I visited the house, disguised in a blonde wig which I had often used in private theatricals. My husband was asleep on the couch. For a moment my resolution staggered. I stroked his head gently, and had thoughts of falling at his feet and beseeching him to give me back his love. He muttered a name in his sleep, which froze my good resolve.

"I sprang from his side. A paroxysm of rage and jealousy seized me. I raised a pistol and fired! The bullet did its work only too well. My husband neither moved nor groaned. I saw the blood ooze from his temple and knew that I had killed him! I rushed from the house. The shot had not been heard,

for the sound of the piano and of conversation and merry laughter still came from the parlor.

"I went home. My absence had not been noticed. I was possessed with a stony calmness. I undressed and went to bed as usual, and, strange to say, I slept.

"No sooner had I awoke in the morning than the terrible crime flashed upon me in all its naked horror. I thought of giving myself up to justice, but eventually decided that enough misery had been imposed on our families by my rash deed. I nerved myself up to act the part which you witnessed.

"All the time my heart was breaking. Oh! the pangs of remorse I suffered!

"I tried to ease my conscience by telling of my husband's love and devoted attention. But the experiment only imposed upon me two-fold misery. At last I was compelled to leave the scene of my crime.

"But travel did not cure the canker of remorse. Wherever I went I saw the dead body of my husband, with the blood oozing out of his ghastly forehead.

"I came to my relatives here. I knew I had not long to live. The excitement of the previous year had undermined a constitution never strong. I write now with the cold sweat of death on my hands.

"I make this confession to you freely. You deserve as much from my hands, since you have spent many weary hours in unraveling what is no longer a mystery to you.

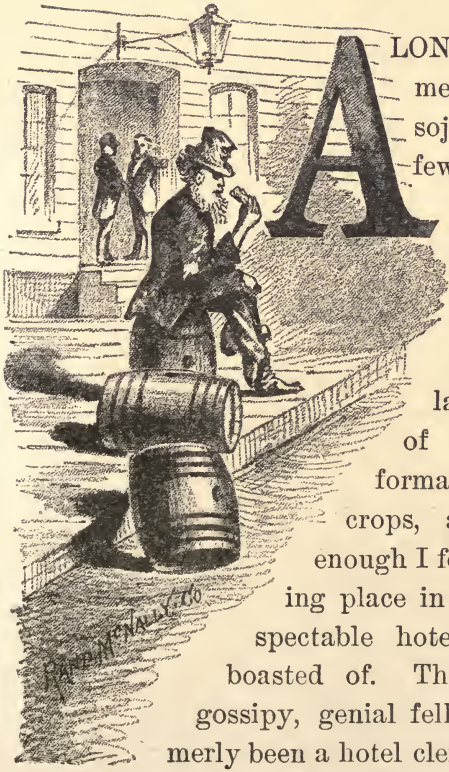
"Do with this what you please. I have no request to make. But oh! remember that you have in your keeping the horrible secret of a woman, soon to be cold in death, who was driven to crime by an unrequited passion.

"Farewell! God bless you! ADA RUSSELL."

I must say that the pathos of these dying words of a wretched woman affected me deeply. Harris seemed also very much cut up. We consulted as to the advisability of publishing full particulars of the crime. Harris, however, sank all feelings of personal ambition, and declared against publication on the ground that it could do no possible good. Although such a splendid "scoop" would have added vastly to my reputation, out of feelings of humanity I agreed to suppress the sensation.

LEAF II.

THE ROMANCE OF A TRAMP.



ALONG in the summer of 1878 I was sojourning for a few days in the little town of C——, on the Illinois Central Road, engaged in the laborious task of collecting information about the crops, and naturally enough I found a breathing place in the only respectable hotel the village boasted of. The landlord, a gossipy, genial fellow, had formerly been a hotel clerk in Chicago,

and remembered me as an indomitable investigator into the mysteries of his register in old days. It was, perhaps, to this circumstance that I was indebted for an inside glimpse into the strange, eventful history I am about to relate.

The village was suffering at the time from the annual influx of tramps, and mine host had had his full share of the infliction—or, as he called it, the inflation.

"The devil take them all," said he, in a burst of honest indignation—but, suddenly checking himself, he added—"and still, poor devils, they are perhaps not all to blame for their miseries."

"There's a case," he continued, "that I have somehow taken an unaccountable interest in, because it don't seem quite a common case of tramp."

The "case" referred to was sitting on the top of an empty beer keg, munching a crust of bread, and seeming to pay no attention to what was going on around him, except when the landlord's glance turned in his direction, when he would make an uneasy movement, and pull his cap down over his eyes as if seeking to shun scrutiny. He was a haggard, woe-begone looking individual, without anything to mark him

as distinct from the ordinary vagrant, save a certain something that denoted a kind of frayed gentility.

"I have met that man somewhere," pursued the landlord, "and I'm going to find out where. I think I'll give him a bed for the night, just for fun."

And he followed up his resolve by at once going to the stranger and proffering him a shelter for the night.

As the man turned round to say a word of thanks, my Boniface, after a keen look into the other's face, seized him sharply by the arm, and exclaimed:

"Look here, haven't I met you somewhere before?"

"That's hardly likely," said the man, "for I have never been in this part of the country till now."

"Isn't your name Howson, and weren't you a doctor of medicine in New Hampshire once?"

The effect of this question was to start the stranger to his feet, and to cause the sweat to stand in beads upon his brow.

"For God's sake," he gasped, in a beseeching tone, "don't say a word. You wouldn't give

me away, would you? How did you know me? Do you know who I am?"

"If I'm not mistaken, I think I know you pretty well. I have a good memory for faces—it's my business, you know. So your name *is* Howson, then?"

"Well, what if it is," said the stranger, lenly, "did you never meet a fellow of that name before?" [This was a bit of bravado evidently aimed toward me, for I was listening intently to the colloquy. I shifted my seat, but kept within earshot of what followed.]

Said the landlord: "You gave *yourself* away a minute ago. Now don't try and bluff, and don't be scared about *me*. I know some things that might astonish people. Don't you know what became of Ellen Elroy?"

"I heard that she had gone to the devil," said Howson, "and I suppose that's the case. I know *I* have, and if you mean to give me up, why—"

"Not a bit of it," said the landlord, "I mean to give you a bed. I suppose you led her to the devil, as you say, but she never got quite there. She found her way home in the long run."

The tramp began to look more nervous than ever.

"Do you mean that she went back to her father's house?" he said, anxiously.

"Well, she got there finally, I believe, but before that, she was picked up in Chicago as a common vagrant and sent to the Bridewell. Somebody, I won't say who, got her out, and she went home [illegible], and one day she was found dead, not far from the old man's house."

This intelligence appeared to relieve the mind of Howson, and he was visibly anxious to escape further investigation by accepting the offer of shelter. He was put into a vacant room, where he crept into a "shake-down" in the corner, drew a quilt over his head, and to all appearance fell asleep.

We did not retire to rest that night, for the landlord was considerably wrought up over the meeting, and, as may be imagined, I was all agog to pluck out the heart of the mystery.

"What a strange chance it was that brought that man here," said he; "it is just fifteen years ago this very month that Dr. Howson disappeared from his home, and he has never been seen or heard of since."

"Who is he, and who was Ellen Elroy, and what did he run away for, and why did she jump

into the Chicago Bridewell," said I; "Come, old man, this will be a good sensation."

"That's all you fellows think of," returned he, "—a good sensation! yes, a mighty curious one this, if you knew it all. But I have good reasons for keeping this thing out of sight, as no good could ever come now of its publication, and maybe lots of trouble. Besides I couldn't identify him, and if I could — Tell you what I will do," he said, after a reflective pause, "I will tell you all about it, but only on condition that you give me your word of honor *not* to write it up for the papers. I have my reasons."

I reluctantly gave him my pledge, and he forthwith put me in possession of a family history which offers a striking illustration of the old adage that truth is stranger than fiction. The narrative ran somewhat as follows :—

Not very long ago a woman was arrested in Chicago near Polk Street bridge. She was evidently a stranger in the city, and it was remarked that while her clothes denoted a condition of abject poverty, the face was one of singular beauty, and wore an expression such as belongs only to well bred people. On being taken to the police she was denounced as an old bummer, and sen-

tenced as such to the usual term in the Bridewell. She gave her name to the magistrate as Alice Enright, but on searching her, as is customary, the policeman found a small faded pocket book containing a card, one old photograph, and a few apparently unimportant memoranda. These were exhibited to the privileged professional gentlemen at the station, and that seemed to be the end of it.

To only one man in the city did these scraps convey any significance, and he, for reasons best known to himself, chose to give his surmises no publicity. This man was none other than my landlord, then a clerk in one of our hotels.

"I learned the whole truth afterward," said he, "and found that my suspicions had been correct."

This woman was the daughter of a wealthy gentleman of New Hampshire, whose family are still living there. His name was Elroy. He was a haughty, imperious man, proud of his wealth, and still prouder of his lineage, which he drew from one of the aristocratic names of the mother country. His only child, a daughter, was the joy and pride of his heart. Upon her he lavished all the affection in his nature, and all that wealth could do was devoted to her mental and physical

nurture. And a bright and beautiful girl she grew up to be, excelling in all the accomplishments that conduce to make a charming woman.

The time came when Ellen was of marriageable age, and this was an event to which the father had long looked forward with eager expectancy, for he had set his heart on wedding her to a young nephew who bore the family name, so that the possessions might descend in an unbroken line to his posterity.

The nephew was a young man of negative qualities as to mind, but irreproachable in his conduct, and devotedly attached to his beautiful cousin. Ellen, on the other hand, regarded her *fiancee* with only a mild respect, and she was decidedly averse to marrying him. She rather preferred the companionship of a young medical student, between whom and herself there existed, it was whispered, a feeling warmer than esteem. In fact, the gossips remarked that the flirtation between young Howson and Ellen was getting to a point where it was time to put a stop to it.

By and bye matters came to a crisis. The daughter was offered the alternative of marrying her cousin, or of being disinherited, and the girl, knowing the unrelenting temper of her parent

when his will was thwarted, after a struggle to have her own way, succumbed.

The marriage took place; the happy couple went through their honey-moon, like any other happy couple; and so the romance was at an end, for the time being.

But only for a time. In these days the real romance too often only begins at the tying of the nuptial knot; and so it was with our wedded pair. To all appearance they were what the world would call a perfectly well mated couple—she gracing her position with becoming dignity, and he devoting himself to her with an affectionate solicitude that could not but win her respect.

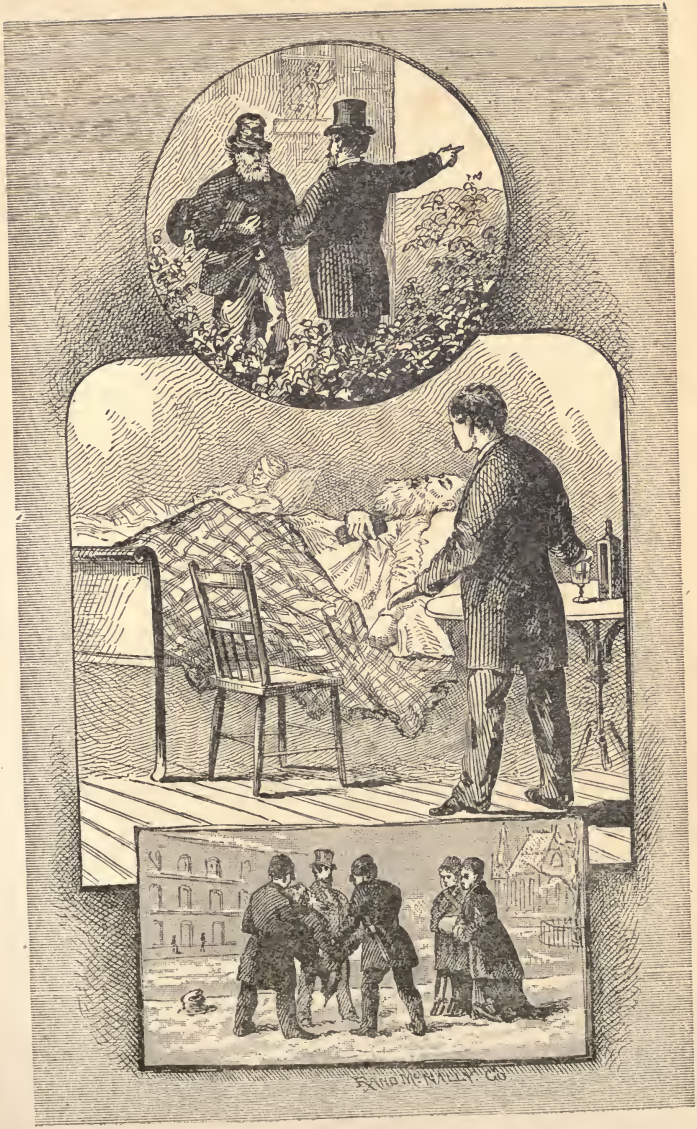
But there was "a little rift within the lute," and there came a shadow on the horizon of their wedded life, "no bigger than a man's hand," which was soon to envelope them in the dark storm of fate.

About a year after an heir to the house of Elroy came into the world, there arrived again in the neighborhood the young physician who has already been introduced into this narrative. Being of respectable connections he very soon got into a good practice, and there seemed to be no reason why he should not resume his acquaint-

ance with the friends of his youth. In fact, he became a frequent visitor to their home, and was welcomed both by the husband and wife as an old friend. Nor did there arise in the minds of the family a suspicion of any undue intimacy between the young wife and her former lover; and indeed, their conduct was at no time such as to warrant such an inference. On the contrary, the husband and the doctor became fast friends, so that when one day the former was seized with a serious illness, the latter was sent for to attend him. The illness assumed an alarming phase, and after lingering in sore agony for many days the husband died.

He died, and the event made the customary stir and tumult among the relatives until he was quietly interred; and the widow put on her weeds, and received with quiet resignation the condolences of her friends; and the family physician handed in his certificate, and attended the funeral.

It was now that the conduct of the physician began to arouse the curiosity of some of the relatives, and people who have a happy knack of "putting this and that together" were not slow in hinting that there was something wrong



somewhere. These murmurs grew more ominous as the days went on, and eventually it was suggested by a friend of the family, who said he knew of something, that the body should be exhumed, and an examination made. The "something" hinted at was the discovery in the bedroom of the dead man, of certain preparations of arsenic. There had been nothing in the disease to warrant the administration of this drug, and now it was remembered that the symptoms were those which might be produced by arsenic.

When Howson was informed of the intention to exhume the remains he turned deadly pale, but controlling himself with an effort he sought to pooh-pooh the matter, until seeing there was a fixed determination to have a resurrection of the body, he professed his acquiescence and intimated his entire willingness to assist at the autopsy.

But on the day when the remains of young Elroy were to be exhumed and submitted to an examination of experts, Dr. Howson was nowhere to be found. He had disappeared, and it turned out that his disappearance had been discovered early on the evening preceding the day of the exhumation.

The post mortem revealed quite clearly the fact that Elroy had been poisoned, and it only remained to find the murderer. The missing physican was at once pointed out as the culprit, and as a natural consequence tongues began to be busy in defaming the unhappy widow. His intimacy with the family and his former relations with Mrs. Elroy were accepted as proof strong as holy writ that there were a pair of guilty ones in the dark transaction. And although none had dared to point the finger of suspicion at her, there were not wanting those who circulated bits of insidious gossip which slowly sapped her fair fame, and began to make life a weariness to her.

Worst of all, her father, to whose wish she had sacrificed her first maidenly love, turned his stern face coldly upon her. She had nothing now left to her but her boy.

One evening, immediately succeeding the occurrences just narrated, the child was about to repeat his "Now I lay me," when, looking up into his mother's face, he lisped out these words, terrible to a mother's heart: "Mamma, my gra'pa says I must only say Go' bless papa now."

The horrible truth flashed on her mind that her

father suspected her of complicity in the murder of her husband.

The next day a new theme was furnished the gossips of the district by the sudden disappearance of Mrs. Elroy, who had of course gone off to join her paramour and the partner of her guilt.

* * * * *

Had she gone to him? Ah, murder, they say, will out, but who shall say on what day the mysteries of the human heart are to be unveiled! Perhaps not even at the judgment seat of the Most High.

At the close of this sad history we may be able to catch a fleeting glimpse of the truth.

Let the reader here imagine for himself where that doubly, trebly forsaken woman went. There would be many and various surmises. Did she sneak away from her home and her child to unite her fortunes with a murderer and a seducer? Did she burst away from her home in wrath and agony, seeing nothing in the garden that she loved but the angel with the flaming sword, forbidding her to re-enter the hallowed doors? Or, did she wander forth, like Hagar in the desert, only without the solace of a Hagar—her only boy—despair in her soul, and seeking after a just

retribution, which God only knew was her recompense!

All that was known was that Ellen Elroy was gone from her home, and only a few, a very few kindly souls had the courage to say that perhaps after all she was more sinned against than sinning.

* * * * *

During the Colvin Administration one afternoon a shabbily dressed woman, who had all the appearance of a lady, came into the Mayor's office, and made a piteous appeal to his Honor. She said her father was dying and she *must* go to him before he died.

"Where does your father live?" said the Mayor.

"In New Hampshire," said the woman; "it's far away, but there's much depends on this—more than I can tell you, and I haven't a penny nor a friend in the world. Can't you help me on?"

The good-hearted Mayor perceived a "something above the common" in his petitioner, and with his accustomed generosity, he, after suitable inquiry, helped her along to her destination. This circumstance was reported, with sundry other items of municipal gossip, at the moment, and

passed to where all good items go, without comment.

[The narrator desires to say here that the above circumstance has been inserted in this place after a careful comparison of some old notes of events with my landlord's narration. It is important as a link in the chain.]

Just at this time, in his palatial residence in New Hampshire, an old man was lying in the daily expectation of death. His worldly affairs had all been arranged, and he was looking forward to other prospects in the kingdom to come. One evening he was told that a poor woman—a tramp—had been driven away from his door—a bad looking, miserable looking creature.

"Take her into the kitchen," said the dying man, "if she comes back again, and give her something to eat."

The next night she came again, and they gave her to eat and drink. She was a forlorn, haggard, almost forbidding object, with hollow, bloodshot eyes and hunger-bitten cheeks.

She said to the servant: "My father is dying, and I want to see him."

The servant went up to the dying man and told him the woman down there was mad.

They sent her away.

The day after she came back to the house. She said to the housekeeper, "Tell Mr. Elroy that I am his daughter Ellen, and that I must see him before he dies."

"His daughter," said the housekeeper, "has been dead many years. You must get away from here, my poor woman."

Does my father know that his daughter is dead?

"He has known that long ago,—but go away from here, or you'll disturb him, and he's dying."

"My God! it's because he's dying that I must see him, and that at once. Let me go to him, and he will know me."

The impassioned creature broke past the ancient servitor and rushed up the long flight of stairs till she reached the bedside of the dying man. A physician and other attendants there tried to intercept her, but she reached the bed, and kneeling down cried out:

"Father, I am Ellen, don't you know me?"

Ragged, wayworn, defaced by misery, sorrow, want, and wrong—it was perhaps no wonder that the dying man shook his head and told the doctor to take the poor mad creature away.

She was again thrust from the doors and driven into the dark, bitter midnight. The next morning the dead body of a woman was found in a small pond adjoining the grounds of the house. It was that of the poor mad creature who had been twice thrust away from her father's door.

The peace of God was in her looks. Death, the great leveler, the great beautifier, had recognized the wanderer, and with his merciful hand had effaced all traces of her earthly sufferings. The poor rags still clung about her wasted form, but her face wore the smile her mother would have known. The weary soul was at rest.

They bore her to her old home and told the old man that his child had come. With his dying eyes he looked upon the face he had seen the night before but did not know—that he saw now and recognized.

In death they were not divided.

* * * * *

When the landlord ended his recital the dawn was peeping through the casement, and I went to bed. Before I fell asleep, however, I heard a sound outside my window, and peeping cautiously out, I was amazed to see our tramp and the landlord engaged in a low but earnest conversation. Howson had a small bundle in his hand, and after saying a hurried good-bye, he made his way rapidly down the dusty road and was lost to my view.

"In the name of all that's wonderful," I said to the landlord in the morning, "what prompted

you to connive at that scoundrel's escape? Aren't you sure of your man?"

"As sure as I am of my breakfast," he returned, "but I have another secret to tell you, since I have trusted you so far. I would not tell you that if you had not seen me let him go."

"What is that?" I asked, in wonder.

"That man you saw go from my house this morning—you will keep this to yourself?"

"Surely."

"He is my wife's only brother."

"One thing more—was Ellen Elroy guilty?"

"I would give the world to know," said the landlord, "but he would not tell, and now we may never know that mystery."

* * * * *

Last winter a wretched vagrant was found half dead from hunger and cold on the streets of Chicago, and was carried to the County Hospital. He absolutely refused to give his name, or tell where he came from, so he was entered as plain John Smith. He was dying.

About two hours before the end came, he called the nurse to his bedside, and, fumbling in his breast for something, drew forth a tattered and greasy pocket book.

"There is nothing in it that's of any importance to any one here," he gasped. "There is but one man living that it could have any meaning for." He added, breathing hard as he neared the grim portal, "if you have any pity for a poor dying man, will you send this to the landlord of the hotel at C——?"

"I promise to do it," said the nurse.

His thin wan fingers tightened for a moment on the pocket book, and then relaxed their hold.

The tramp had entered upon the beaten road we must all travel. He was dead!

* * * * *

The pocket book contained nothing but an old letter, and this was the contents:

"When I sought you it was to kill you. I meant to do it and then die myself. But when I saw you and found what you had become, I chose a better revenge. I thank God the guilt of blood is not on my soul, as it is on yours. George, I once loved you—loved you blindly, madly, and now I hate you with my whole heart—that heart which you have crushed. Through your horrible act I have been driven a wanderer upon the face of the earth. You have brought upon me the scorn and wrath of my kindred, and the darkest suspicion of the world. You have made me dishonor an honest name, and bring a father's gray hairs perhaps in sorrow to the grave. But I would not kill you. I thank my God that wild temptation has passed. You will never hear of me again, but mark me, the curse of a

wronged woman rests upon your head. God is just—the eternal law of Him will be satisfied. I am your accusing angel, and this will be your doom: You will sink from your present fancied prosperity by slow but sure degrees, until you, like me, become a wretched wanderer on the earth. Men will shun you as a pestilence. You will die in wretchedness and woe, and will be buried in a pauper's grave. Amen! Amen! I wish it from my soul. These are the last words you will ever hear from

ELLEN."

LEAF III.

THE CARNIVAL'S VICTIM.

HOW much romance, what agony and experience of life's sterner realities are sometimes concealed in the curt and carelessly written paragraphs of a daily paper! If we could read on and discover the motives which actuated, the springs which moved, the human mind to do the deed so hastily and briefly recorded, we should frequently have

the particulars of a life's history more pregnant and absorbing than are contained in the most sensational fictions of a Dumas, a Reade, or a Miss Braddon.

In the columns of a morning paper of May, 1879, the reader of this leaf perhaps perused a paragraph similar to the following, and passed it over without a further thought:

"Last evening, about half past 6 o'clock, the corpse of a female, young and elegantly dressed, was discovered washed ashore at the rear of the Exposition Building, and conveyed to the Morgue. The coroner was notified, who called a jury, whose verdict was, that the unknown deceased came by her death from drowning, but whether accidentally or suicidally the jury had no means of ascertaining. There were no marks upon the linen, or in the pockets of the drowned party, likely to lead to her identification. The corpse remains at the Morgue for identification."

That was all the papers ever contained of the case, but not all they could have published if remarkable measures had not been taken to suppress the facts, which I shall now endeavor, very briefly, to lay before the reader.

I was delegated to hunt up the facts in the case, and proceeded to that last sad caravansary for the floater, the "found dead," and the unknown suicide who takes the reins of Omnipotence

in his own hands, careless what becomes of his remains.

On a rude tressel table lay the body of the drowned woman, while on a line above hung underwear of fine linen profusely ornamented with Torchon lace, skirts heavily embroidered, stockings of silver gray with a delicate carmine thread of silk forming foliage upon the instep, black satin corsets, a handsome walking suit of brocade and velvet, while upon the coarse planks upon which she lay were a pair of Spanish arch boots and a hat, which had, until its freshness was destroyed by the waters of the lake, been jaunty with its broad buckle and long feather.

A long white sheet concealed the body, making that unmistakable line of curves and angles which tells, plainer than any words, the sad secret of mortality which it reveals rather than hides. A wealth of light brown hair shot with gold hung over the end of the table dank and heavy, yet, in its broad bands of light and shade showing how carefully it had been cared for.

Removing the covering from the poor, dead face, I looked upon one of the most beautiful creatures it had ever been my lot to see. Death could not, in so short a time, and with such rude

notice, mar its gorgeous lineaments. White as chiseled marble, with the roseate lips slightly parted and revealing even rows of pearly teeth; delicately penciled eyebrows and long black lashes lying heavily upon the cheek, she lay as though calmly sleeping.

The corpse had not been long enough in the water to become discolored or disfigured, and the supple form and rounded limbs were models for a sculptor.

I started back in horror, for I knew her at a glance. It was the worshiped beauty who on the principal night of the Author's Carnival had impersonated the ——— !

What her name was, from whence she came, or why she had thus invited death, I did not know, but of one thing I was certain—that it was the same splendid creature who with merely a diaphanous scarf and white silk fleshings had stood upon the pedestal on the immense stage of the Carnival to be seen and admired by thousands. Then, that rounded form was instinct with life; now, it was awaiting its decay. Then, the extended arm and taper hand trembled with excitement beneath the dove that perched upon the outstretched finger; now, they were pressed

close to the clay-cold figure, never to be lifted again.

I concealed from the keeper of the Morgue the secret I felt sure I possessed, and determined at the same time to discover to which of our wealthy families she belonged, and the reasons which impelled her to take her life and future in her own hands.

Telling the man that I would look in again, I left the place. My brain was in a whirl of excitement. A thousand schemes for the elucidation of the mystery flashed through my mind. Nothing, however, could be done that night, and I went about my assignments in the most mechanical way and without the slightest interest in the petty cases of drunk and disorderly and other items of ordinary police court intelligence.

When my final copy was in, I left the office, and dropping into the usual midnight lunch place in Clark street, I took a single glass of beer and a sandwich, and then repaired to my bachelor room ; but not to sleep. Plan after plan throbbed through my brain, but none seemed feasible. If for a few moments I dropped into semi-unconsciousness, the cold, white face of the corpse appeared close to mine, and once, when positively

asleep, I awoke with a start as I saw the rigid form in all its horrible nudity arise from its tressel table and assume the precise attitude of the tableau at the Exposition.

I could bear it no longer. I jumped from my couch, and putting on my clothes, lighted my meerschaum and tried to read "*L'Assommoir.*" The quiet sleeper at the Morgue became mingled with the quarreling women in the lavatory. The demon would not down, and it was a relief when the rising sun, peering in at the window, proclaimed it day.

Making a hasty toilet, and taking a still hastier breakfast at a restaurant, I again bent my steps to the Morgue.

What was my astonishment to find that the corpse had been taken away in the night, and the keeper was peculiarly reticent as to what disposal had been made of it. Neither bribes, flatteries nor threats would loosen his tongue, but a friendly policeman, who knew me as a reporter, and whose beat took him by the building, informed me that a close carriage driven by a man in quiet livery, bottle-green, as near as he could judge in the lamplight, had stopped at the Morgue about one o'clock. An elderly gentleman with a long white

beard and close-cropped hair had descended and entered the place. Returning after a considerable period, he had spoken some words in a low tone to the coachman, who had driven rapidly away. About an hour afterwards a hearse had drawn up, without plumes or ornament of any kind. A plain burial case had been carried into the Morgue by two men, who immediately returned, assisted by the keeper of the institution. The coffin, evidently heavier, was replaced in the hearse, and it was driven away. This was absolutely all that I could learn.

What was next to be done? I inquired of the policeman the color of the team, ascertained one horse to be roan, the other a lighter gray, the carriage dark brown or chocolate, not certain which, and, with these particulars as my principal clew, I determined on discovering all connected with this case of suicide, for accidental drowning it could scarcely possibly be.

My first endeavor was to ascertain, if the slightest chance existed, who the lady was whose partially undraped form at the Author's Carnival had caused so much animadversion and elicited anything but complimentary comments from the daily press. It will be remembered that it was

RAND. McNALLY & Co

stated at the time, that certain ladies connected with the leading families of Chicago had consented to exhibit their personal charms, with an abandonment almost equaling that of Matt Morgan's Art Statuary, or the "Model Artists" of Mabel Santley, on condition that their names were not known, but that public opinion being strongly against the initial exhibition, a greater amount of drapery had been used in the later tableaux.

Some people looked upon the statement as a mere trick of the manager to insure larger receipts, he thinking rightly that men about town would bleed more readily for the chance of seeing in such deshabille ladies of fashion, than for gazing upon the meretricious charms of professional models and shameless creatures who would for a few dollars dénude themselves of drapery just so far as the police would permit, and only stop the process of undressing by the edict of the authorities. Others declared that the manager of the Carnival had brought with him these women and that they posed as a mere matter of business, which would have destroyed the zest of hunters after prurience who estimate their excitement by the difficulties surrounding its attainment.

Which of these theories was true I had no means of judging, but feeling certain that the dead body in the Morgue was the living ——— of the Carnival, and that the arrival of the carriage and the carrying away of the corpse pointed to her being one of our own leading citizens, I clung to the former, correctly, as it will be seen in the sequel.

The manager I could not interview, as he had received his twenty-five per cent. of the proceeds of the charity entertainment, and was off to reap fresh harvests in other fields. Even if he had been on the spot, I could perhaps have obtained nothing from him which would have assisted my search.

I was acquainted with many of the gentlemen and a few of the ladies who had taken part in the Carnival, and I began assiduously and industriously to question them. Some evidently knew nothing, and others would say nothing, though from one lady who had been one of the choicest spirits in the affair from beginning to end, I extracted a semi-admission that the love of praise, and the consciousness of very fine physical development, had induced several ladies to offer themselves as classic statues so long as their

names were concealed, and the whitening process precluded the possibility of recognition of their facial lines, trusting, I suppose, to the hope that the eagle eye of love might, in those they wished to charm, pierce the thin disguise of a coat of artistic calcimining.

I was at a stand-still. My next move was to scrutinize all the fashionable equipages I could see on the principal drives and thoroughfares, but the chocolate carriage, the roan and gray, and the white bearded old gentleman with the bottle-green coachman, eluded my search, until, two weeks afterwards, my heart came to a sudden stop and my brain actually throbbed with excitement, as I saw, standing opposite the ladies' entrance of the Palmer House, the carriage and the horses.

I sauntered slowly by. A man with a tall hat and small cockade, a bottle-green overcoat almost down to his heels, held open the door, as from a store next to the Palmer House entrance emerged not an old man, but a tall elderly lady, seemingly bowed with the weight of years, in deep mourning, and with a heavy crape veil reaching to the knee and effectually concealing her features, crossed the sidewalk and entered the vehicle.

The coachman mounted the box, drove slowly into State street and turning north, followed by myself, stopped at a bookstore, where with half a dozen splendidly bound books, not made into a parcel, stood waiting *an elderly gentleman with a long white beard and close-cropped hair.* Eureka! I almost shouted to myself, as I saw him hand in the books and then get into the carriage!

Of course I set the couple down at once as the father and mother of the victim. But it is not well to hurry to conclusions, since in the course of this narrative the reader will find that I was mistaken.

What was I to do? was the next question. Here was a carriage with a span of fast horses. That was evident from the blood they showed. I was on foot, and no carriage nearer than Monroe street. Luckily at this moment one of Tilden's men whom I knew came along with an empty vehicle. I hailed him and he drove to the curb-stone. I asked him if he knew whose team it was standing by the door. He replied in the negative.

"Then wait till it goes away, and follow it at such a distance as to escape observation without losing sight of the direction it takes,"

said I, and springing in I drew up the blinds and lighted a cigar, certain that I had at last attained my object.

In a few minutes the carriage turned south and went up State street and I followed. At Twenty-second street we turned to the east and then south, and after going for a good half mile, the carriage stopped at a palatial residence on one of the most fashionable avenues.

The lady and gentleman alighted and a male help out of livery opened the door, descended the steps and taking the books and parcels from the carriage, followed his master and mistress into the house, the coach driving up the alley to the mews in the rear of the building.

I had bagged the game, and my next proceeding was to go and take a drink at a handsome sample room on the corner of an adjacent cross-street.

"Who lives at such a number?" I asked of the bar-keeper, pointing to the residence as I spoke.

He gave me the name without hesitation.

"What family have they?" I inquired.

"None," he replied.

"What! no daughter?" I asked.

"No." said he, "but they had a very beauti-

ful young lady staying with them during the Carnival, who left as soon as it was over, and the blinds have been down and the house has looked as dull as the devil ever since."

"Do you know where she was from?" I asked, in the most off-hand way.

"Well, so far as I know," the bar-tender replied, "their coachman told me that she was from Buffalo, N. Y."

Paying for my drink and the driver's cigar, I left the bar-room, and dismissing my carriage at Wabash avenue I took a street car and hurried to the office. I dropped into the editorial room and hunted up the Buffalo dailies. A short search discovered what I wanted, or at least I thought so. In the obituary column of the leading daily I found a notice of the death of Miss Blanche ———, age nineteen, suddenly, in Chicago, May —, 1879. I waited impatiently for the two or three next issues of the paper, and sure enough there was a detailed description of the arrival of the body and its interment, so strictly according in date and detail as to leave no doubt at all on my mind that she it was whose corpse I had seen in the Morgue.

But this was only half the mystery. How was

she drowned? Why did she commit suicide? Was it really *felo de se* or ———? I could carry self-questioning no further. But now the strangest part of this true suppressed sensation comes —so wonderful, so extravagantly outre, that it is indeed "too strange not to be true." If ever fact was stranger than fiction, and if ever the iniquities of a large city were so thoroughly brought to light as to be a warning for all time, it was in the denouement of this history. Why Fate should have made me, a penniless Bohemian reporter for a daily paper, the means of its discovery, is more than I can tell, but that so it was, the reader will see.

I had not been at the office more than half an hour when I was told by the city editor that a dying gambler who had been shot by a companion over a little game of faro, wished to see me in a room over a tiger-bucking den on Clark street. The reader will remember the newspaper account of the shooting published at the time, and the name of the man is familiar to all the sporting fraternity.

I shouldered my note book and departed for the place, vexed at the thought that my search after the Morgue mystery should be thus delayed,

and not for a moment supposing that I was going post haste towards its denouement.

Does the outside world know how professional gamblers in Chicago live? None of that feverish struggle after a resting place, that utter disregard of every convenience beyond the board of green cloth, that carelessness of everything except the excitement of the gaming table which we read of in the novels of the day, distinguishes their career. A prince of the blood could not have occupied a more luxurious apartment than the one in which I found the wounded card sharper, lying on an elegant couch, covered with a spread of pink satin and propped up by immaculate pillows bordered with lace. His face was of a greenish pale hue, and from the pinched-in nose, and sunken eye, it was plain to see that his end was drawing near.

He recognized me at once, and languidly raising his arm pointed to a chair. I drew it to his bedside, and sitting down took his hand in mine. I had once befriended him when he was struggling to regain a foothold in the paths of rectitude and virtue, and it was this circumstance which had induced him to send for me to receive his dying words.

He, by a sign, dismissed the colored man who was attending upon him, and then said: "Put your hand beneath the pillow and you will find ——"

"A packet of letters," I replied, as I drew forth a small bundle, tied round with a pale blue ribbon.

"I could not die in peace until I had confessed to some one," he commenced, "and in all this great city I know of no one in whom I can place any confidence but you."

"Well, Jack," I interrupted, "you are safe in my hands; but how came you in this predicament?"

"Of that anon," said he; "but first let me ask if you have heard anything of a young woman's body which was found ——"

"In the lake," I interrupted, "and conveyed to the Morgue; a golden-haired, fair, black-eyed ——"

"Enough, enough, I see her now. She is here; she is there; she is everywhere. She has not been absent from my sight for a moment since she was picked out of the lake," he replied, wildly. "She is standing by your side now, looking sadly down upon her murderer."

I recoiled in horror, saying, "You don't mean to say, Jack, that you ——"

"Oh no, I did not actually throw her into the lake," he replied. "Better a thousand times that I had done so; but it was my damnable conduct which ruined her, which drove her to despair, which compelled her to seek rest in the cold, cruel waters of Lake Michigan."

How inscrutable are the workings of mysterious Fate! Here, where I least expected it, I was to obtain the information I had been so diligently but uselessly seeking.

"Go on, Jack, go on," I hurriedly exclaimed.

"Let me tell my story my own way," he replied, "and that while my strength remains, for the doctor tells me I have not twenty-four hours to live."

"Let us hope he is mistaken, and now I will interrupt you no more."

"I do not want to live longer than it will take to post you on the items, old fellow," he rejoined, a sad and sickly smile stealing over his attenuated cheeks. "Now to my story. I and a pal had been down to Buffalo, queering the greenies, and had made a big haul. We were both in high feather and well dressed. My chum went on to

New York, I took the train for Chicago. On board the car, traveling alone, was the loveliest creature you ever set your eyes upon. I took a seat opposite to hers, and without obtruding myself upon her, did her all the little services in my power. On reaching ——— the train stopped for refreshments, and seeing she did not get out, I brought a cup of coffee and some cakes to her car. She accepted them with but slight demur, and this led to a conversation in which I assumed the character of a well-known millionaire upon the Board of Trade. I soon found that I had made a favorable impression. In seemingly giving her my confidence I secured hers, and she told me that she was going to spend a month with her uncle on ——— avenue, whose name she mentioned, and that she should remain during the Carnival.

"Before we reached the city I saw that I had made a conquest, and with devilish ingenuity I concocted a specious tale to account for my not calling upon her people, and made arrangements for meeting her down town. Insinuating myself by degrees into her most intimate confidence, I found that she had been induced by some of her female friends who knew how exquisite was her

form, to impersonate the ——— at the approaching Carnival, confident that her incognito would be strictly kept, and that it would be impossible for those who knew her best to penetrate the disguise of a whitened face and Pompadour wig.

"She was there. She appeared upon the stage, and if before her exquisite face had brought the blood bounding to my brain, how much more did her splendid figure. It maddened me to think that in a few short days—weeks at the most—I should lose her for ever. She would return to her friends where I dared not follow. I had woven around me such a network of lies and deceit that I lived in hourly apprehension of discovery. I did not know but that even in that very building might be the man whose name I had assumed, and from a chance word which Blanche had dropped I knew that her uncle and the great "grain king" were intimately acquainted. Detection stared me in the face. It was not that I feared anything for myself. You know that I never quailed before the face of man. But to lose her—the thought was madness.

"I resolved to stake all upon the cast of one die. A gambler by instinct and education I never yet refused to play for big stakes, and were I in rude

health to-morrow I would throw dice for my life as coolly as if the bet were but a five dollar bill or a bottle of champagne. I resolved to pour out my heart to her—to tell her my devotion, and to assure her of my life-long love. That same evening we met. From her sweet lips I learned that she too loved. Alas! had she but kept back the confession she might have been alive and even happy to-day.

"It had been my intention to supplement my declaration of love by a full avowal of my real name, my occupation—I was going to say my character. I intended to throw myself upon her mercy, to beg of her for the love I bore to her to give me an opportunity to show by my amended life and altered ways, my genuine desire to make myself worthy of her. Can you believe it? Yet I could have done it but for the frankness with which she confessed to me amid the blushes which rendered her far more beautiful than ever, that I had won her heart.

"I forgot everything but that she was mine, and I dared not then risk my all upon a chance. The cool, calculating gambler turned coward before this woman—this embodiment of all that was good and pure and lovely.

"The acquaintance I had begun in sport had ended in bringing me captive to Cupid's yoke for the first time in my life.

"A wild thought darted through my brain. I would wed her first, and then—my confession. The tie of love bound stronger by the chain of Hymen she could not then give me up. Woe is me! I little knew her. Born and reared in sentiments of piety and virtue, her whole moral nature revolted against evil—but I anticipate.

"By prayers and promises, by specious pleas and vehement protestations, I won from her a

reluctant consent to an immediate and secret union. Two causes operated in my favor. Her large fortune depended in a great measure upon the caprice of a wealthy uncle, and she feared that did he but know of her marriage contracted without his consent, she might forever alienate his affection. But he was stern and hard, and she feared him almost as much as she loved him. The other favorable argument was the romantic glamour which to the female mind attaches to the idea of a secret marriage. She consented.

"To avoid publicity we arranged to be married in the neighboring State of Wisconsin. In the beautiful little town of Kenosha, just beyond the State line, we found a complaisant minister of the Methodist church, who, in consideration of a liberal fee, agreed to marry us. In five minutes we were one—man and wife beyond all peradventure. We returned to Chicago and drove at once —— here. Seated by her side in this very room, as the shades of evening fell, I broke to my bride the truth which you and ten thousand others know so well. Instead of being a wealthy merchant engaged in legitimate business, I was a gambler, dependent upon faro for a living.

"She gave me no time for explanations, as I

said. I had intended to give up my old associations and strive to live honestly for her sake. But my confession seemed to freeze the blood in her veins. The beautiful face took on a look of stony calmness, strangely at variance with the dangerous steel-like glitter of the glorious eyes.

"'You have betrayed me,' she cried. 'The ceremony we have performed gives you no rights over me. I leave you now and forever. Follow me not; your touch is pollution; your presence is an insult.' And as she spoke, she rose from her seat, and in an instant gained the door. How it happened I can never tell, but for the first time in my life I had left the key of the dead-latch on the outside of the door. I was too late to arrest her progress, and as the door slammed behind her I was left a prisoner in my own room, from which I was unable to effect my release for more than an hour. When at last my frantic knockings brought the janitor to my assistance, I was almost raving.

* * * * *

"I never saw her again alive. The next day I received, at the address I had given her, those letters, and learning from them what her intention was, I immediately, not caring for the conse-

quences, called at the house of her relatives on the avenue, merely to find them in the wildest despair at her absence, she never having been seen since the night of the Carnival.

"Of course they knew nothing of me, and I turned from the house, determined to search the city over until I should discover her whereabouts. Oh, God! the search was but a brief one, for I heard of the corpse of a woman having been found at the rear of the Exposition Building, and with the raging fires of hell in my heart, I went to the Morgue. I saw her for a moment. My soul died within me. I would have given myself to the nethermost hell for ever and ever to have brought her back, but that was impossible, and I determined to follow her. My cowardly nature recoiled at suicide, and I concocted a scheme to attain my ends without actually raising my own hand against my life. I explained to my brother gambler a plan by which I proposed to make a big haul. It was to culminate by a quarrel between us, during which, pistols charged blank were to be exploded, and in the confusion we were to make off with the swag. I loaded the pistols, one with powder only, the other with sure death. I retained the harmless one and gave the

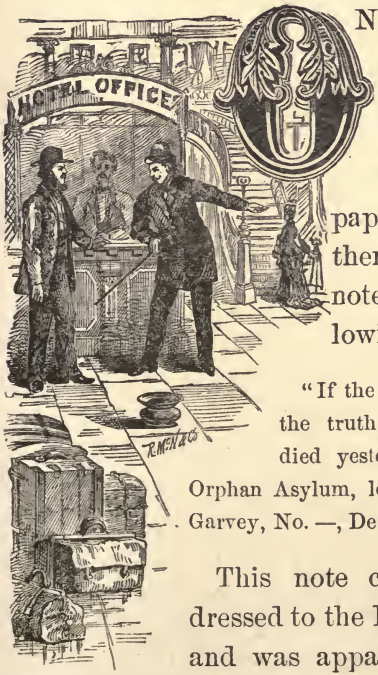
loaded one to my companion. The plan succeeded admirably. At the appointed time I gave the signal, the quarrel commenced. I fired my blank charge at my chum, he returned the shot which passed, thank God, clean through my lung."

Of course I have not, in this relation, indicated the breaks and pauses occasioned by the spasms, and fits of coughing up from time to time of the coagulated blood which hindered the gambler's utterance.

As he finished his narration he fell back upon the pillows, pointed his finger in the direction of the door, hoarsely whispered in his contracted throat, "She is there! She beckons! I come! I come!" and with a smile upon his lips, expired.

LEAF IV.

THE STORY OF A WAIF.



ONE evening in the early part of May, 1876, I was handed by the city editor of the Chicago daily paper to which I was then attached, a brief note couched in the following terms:

"If the —— would like to know the truth about the baby which died yesterday at the Protestant Orphan Asylum, let a reporter call on Mrs. Garvey, No. —, De Puyster street."

This note came by mail, addressed to the Editor of the ———, and was apparently the production of an imperfectly educated person, although

the spelling was correct and the wording direct and to the point. Newspaper men generally look with considerable distrust upon anonymous communications, but this scarcely came under that head. Turning to the Directory I found that a Mr. Garvey did live at the number given, and that he was a shoemaker by trade. Referring to the paper of that day, I found a brief mention of the death of the child, and a statement that it was the one which had been discovered, about eight nights before, in front of the Orphan Asylum. I looked up the paper of that date and found the following:

"ANOTHER FOUNDLING.

"Last night about nine o'clock one of the nurses at the Protestant Orphan Asylum on Michigan avenue, near Twenty-third street, while locking the outer door, preparatory to retiring for the night, heard a faint, wailing sound proceeding from some point on the lawn in front of the building. She listened, and the cry was repeated—unmistakably, this time, the cry of a child. It was as Wordsworth has it:

"'An infant crying in the night,
An infant crying for the light,
And with no language but a cry.'

"She called for assistance and a light being obtained, they found under a tree in the centre of the lawn, a basket containing a beautiful female child, apparently about six months old. It was

well dressed, its clothing being of fine linen, and heavily embroidered, but the night was very cold, and the poor child was almost chilled to death. It was carefully tended by the matron and her assistants, and may possibly survive. It is stated by persons connected with the institution, that about half-past seven o'clock a carriage drove up to the outer gate. It stopped but for a moment and then passed on a few yards, as if the driver had pulled up at the wrong house. One of the nurses fancied that she heard the outer latch click, but on looking out saw no one, and found that the carriage had driven off."

It appeared, therefore, that in spite of the care which had been bestowed on the unfortunate baby, it had succumbed to the exposure to which it had been subjected. It seemed likely, also, that the writer of the letter might have some facts to communicate which would be of importance, and accordingly I proceeded to the address given.

Mr. Garvey turned out to be a very decent-looking Scotchman, and his wife a motherly woman of the same nationality. They had three children, one a baby about six months old. I stated my business and showed the note which had been received at the office. Contrary to my expectation, Mrs. G. at once avowed its authorship. "We thought," she said, "not to have said anything about it, but we thought when the poor wee thing died, that it was

time somebody should know about its cruel mother—as she calls herself, though it's no bairn of hers."

The story which these good people had to tell was a strange and peculiar one, and yet what they knew was but the smallest half of the truth. They explained that a little over five months before, a lady richly dressed in black and wearing a profusion of jewelry, alighted from a carriage at their door. She had heard—how, they did not know—that Mrs. Garvey was willing to take a child to nurse. She said that her sister had a young child which she was unable to nurse, and offered what was to the Garveys a considerable sum for taking care of the child.

As a guarantee of good faith she paid fifty dollars in advance, and agreed that Mrs. G. should have the care of the infant for a year. Upon these terms they agreed, and for about two months all went well. The lady came at frequent intervals, always bringing sweetmeats for the Garvey children, and occasionally presents for the mother, while the payments were regularly made. But curiously enough the alleged mother of the infant did not appear on the scene, nor did Mrs. Mortimer, for that was the name

the lady gave, display even an aunt's affection for the little one.

About the middle of January Mrs. Mortimer made to the Garveys a new proposition. She said that her sister had to go to California to join her husband, who was a wealthy merchant in San Francisco, and that of course she would take the child along. She was especially anxious to get the nurse to go with her, and promised her a large remuneration. But Mrs. Garvey could not leave her own family, even though tempted by liberal offers of reward, and the end of it was, that on the next day Mrs. Mortimer came again in the carriage, bringing with her a younger lady, who remained in the vehicle, and who was—the mother of the infant. So at least said the reputed aunt. But the Garveys only got a glimpse of this person, who was closely veiled, and who never spoke, even when the child was handed into the carriage. The pair drove off, and the shoemaker and his wife, although there existed in the minds of both an undefined idea that there was something peculiar about the whole matter, could do nothing more than surmise. They felt the existence of a mystery, but had no idea of the truth.

About six weeks later they were again surprised by the reappearance of Mrs. Mortimer. She had informed them that it was her intention to reside for a year at least upon the Pacific Slope with her sister and that lady's husband. Yet here she was again, more handsomely dressed than ever, with a pair of magnificent solitaire diamond

ear-rings sparkling in the light as she moved, and once more she asked Mrs. Garvey to take charge of the child.

If it seemed strange before that the child of wealthy parents should be committed so freely to the care of an utter stranger, to be brought up with the children of a mechanic, it seemed doubly strange that it should now be returned to its foster mother in this summary fashion.

Mrs. Garvey's womanly curiosity was excited, and she asked a series of questions, the only effect of which was apparently to render Mrs. Mortimer rather uncomfortable. She said that her sister had poor health in California, and had been ordered by the physicians to travel in Europe. The child was too great a task for her, and if the nurse would take it again she might bring it up with her own children. She should be liberally paid, but she must ask no more questions. Some day the infant should be reclaimed, but in the meantime it needed more care than the mother could give it.

After considerable demur the terms were agreed upon, and once more Mrs. Garvey took charge of the little one. She was horrified to find that during its short absence it had been scandalously

neglected, and seemingly not more than half fed. But under her care, and that of a doctor whom she called in, it rapidly began to recover its strength, and was soon in good health.

But for some reason or other Mrs. Mortimer did not seem either so attentive or so responsive with her payments as upon the previous occasion, and after three weeks had passed she ceased coming altogether to the little house on De Puyster street. Garvey became alarmed, and called at the address which she gave upon her first visit. This was at one of the most fashionable boarding-houses in the city, situated in the most aristocratic quarter, and known to receive only the very cream of society. Here he learned that the lady had left there about two months before, saying that she was going to Europe.

Garvey began to be afraid that he was saddled with one more incumbrance than he had bargained for, but being a persevering fellow he resolved to search the hotels through, and to track Mrs. M. if it were possible.

He tried them all and without success. No such person boarded at any of the more prominent hotels. But chance threw in his way what patient search might never have revealed. He

had made his inquiry of the clerk at the —— House, received the usual answer, and was turning away. A gentleman standing by was attracted by the earnestness of the man and asked him, half in joke, what the lady was like. Garvey described her, and the gentleman, turning to the clerk, said: "By George! he means Mrs. Baxter." True enough, Garvey had run his game to earth. Mrs. Mortimer was none other than the dashing widow who, under the name of Baxter, had recently attracted great attention from the boarders at the —— Hotel. At this time she was the recipient of assiduous attentions from one of the most prominent of Chicago's merchant princes, a widower of about forty-five years of age, and who has since received a great deal of newspaper notoriety as the chief engineer of one of the most gigantic "corners" ever run in the Chicago wheat market.

Garvey waited until the lady returned to the hotel and then almost forced himself into her presence. This he could scarcely have done but for the assistance of the gentleman to whom he had spoken, and who was a boarder in the house. Beside this he was a man-about-town and pretty well posted on a good many matters. The pecu-

liarities of the case struck him somewhat, and he took an opportunity to question the shoemaker about it. What he heard only made him desirous of knowing more, and it was from him that I learned the inside history of this strange case, as will be hereafter shown.

But to resume our story. The lady was indignant at what she was pleased to consider an intrusion on her privacy, and angrily told Garvey that she would call upon him the next day. She did so, and announced that she would remove the child. This promise she carried out on the night of the 27th of April, coming in a hired carriage and accompanied this time by one of the most prominent physicians of the South Division. The Garveys were told that the child was to be placed in the care of an asylum, and although they protested against this, they were powerless in the matter.

Such was the story told by Garvey and his wife, and of this I received the fullest corroboration from other quarters. I found out much more. Acting upon a clue which I received in a very peculiar way, I found the coachman who drove Mrs. Mortimer-Baxter and her medical companion, first to De Puyster street, and after-

wards to Michigan avenue and Twenty-second street. He told me who the doctor was, and conclusively proved that this prominent physician, who to-day has a reputation as one of the most skillful in Chicago, in the treatment of difficult surgical cases, and who is a member of half a dozen learned societies, was the man who placed the helpless infant on the lawn of the Asylum, and by thus exposing it to the inclemency of the weather caused its death.

There remained only to find out the motive for this atrocious piece of cruelty. The death of the child might not have been desired, but the means taken to dispose of it were of such a character that the woman and the doctor were really the instruments of its death. I wrote the story up as I got it from the Garveys, being amply satisfied of its substantial truth. One of my associates called upon Mrs. Baxter, at the —— Hotel, and as delicately as possible asked her what she knew of the case. She was indignant in the highest degree, and threatened the direst vengeance on any one who should assail her good name by such a publication. No sooner had he left than she summoned her French maid, and all night long the two women sat up packing.

Before the eight o'clock train left for the East, Mrs. Baxter sent for her bill, and in half an hour she was speeding over the Lake Shore Railroad, tickets for New York in her pocket. Three days later, I was informed by telegraph from our New York correspondent that she had sailed for Europe in the Germanica.

The reader can not have forgotten the thrill of horror which ran through the country when the news came of the terrible catastrophe in the British Channel, when the Germanica was run down by a heavily-laden merchant vessel, and all on board, with the exception of a few sailors, perished. Among those who found a watery grave were Mrs. Mortimer-Baxter and her maid—the same woman who played the role of the mother of the child on the night that it was first taken from the house on De Puyster street.

* * * * *

On the night of ——— I met in the card-room of one of Chicago's fashionable clubs the gentleman who spoke to Garvey on the night of his visit to the —— Hotel. I had gone to the club to hunt up a New York gentleman visiting in the city, and there met Mr. ———. "Oh, by the

RAND, McNALLY & Co

way," said he, "have you ever found out who Mrs. Mortimer-Baxter was?"

"No," I replied, "have you?"

"I have," was the quiet answer; "would you like to hear the story?"

"Yes," I replied, "I should like to know the motive for all that mystery."

"Sit down, then," said ———, "and I'll tell you all about it." And with this preface he told me a story, which I condense as follows:

Mrs. Mortimer was the daughter of one of the wealthiest of the Virginian planter aristocracy, who in ante-war times maintained upon his estates in the beautiful country south of the James river, a degree of state and a free-handed hospitality, which was considered prodigal, even for that time, and among the society of which the family were hereditary leaders. The war broke out when Victorine Markham had just reached her sixteenth year. Her personal charms were great, and her father's wealth and social position would have rendered even a less highly-gifted girl a great prize in the matrimonial market. But she had no need of any adventitious aids, her beauty alone sufficed to attract to her side many wooers, and the lady of Kinsley Hall was

recognized even by women as the belle of that whole section.

Like all her fair sisters in the South, Miss Markham was carried away with enthusiasm over the Secessionist movement. Her father was a trusted counsellor of the late chief of the Southern Confederacy, and of all her male relatives, friends and admirers, there was not one but felt ardently the fighting flame, and went forth to battle for their State, and against the Northerner, whom they hated so fiercely. In those times events marched rapidly, and conventional delays were swept aside with a rude hand. Thus it came that when Henry Mortimer, a young Carolinian who had greatly distinguished himself as a cavalry officer, and who was at that time in high command at Richmond, proposed marriage, the consummation of his hopes was not long deferred.

But the dream of happiness was short. Mortimer was assigned to active duties in the West, and fell at Chickamauga. Thus Victorine found herself at nineteen the widow of a Major General, and yet a beggar. Her father's estates were devastated and his property destroyed by the victorious Union soldiers, and the proud man,

who had borne himself so high in his prosperity, died in the latter part of 1865, the victim of a broken heart.

Left thus alone, the young widow, still charming and even more lovely than when as a girl she graced her father's mansion, was compelled to cast about for a means of livelihood. She was accomplished as well as beautiful, but unhappily her early training had ill-fitted her for a battle with the stern realities of life. She was fond of power and pomp, of money not for its own sake but for that which it commanded, and she was sadly deficient in moral principle.

She drifted, after one or two adventures which need not be here especially mentioned, to Washington, and there in the meretricious society which cursed the National Capital, she reigned once more a queen. She became a lobbyist, and executed alone two or three of the most daring *coups* made at that time. It was an era of corruption and bribery, when tens of millions of acres of the public domain were unblushingly voted away by the sworn guardians of the people, and when honesty hid its head, and the speculator, the legislator and the lobbyist formed partnerships by the score.

This could not last, and few years had passed before Mrs. Mortimer found that her occupation as an influencer of senile Senators and corruptible Congressmen had passed away. She became an adventuress, pure and simple. From Saratoga to Newport, Long Branch to Cape May, she moved with the seasons, and finally, in the spring succeeding the great fire, she removed to the West. In Chicago she met for the first time a recently elected Senator from a far Western State, one for whom lavish nature has laid bare her laboratory of glittering ore, and whose wealth in mining property is reckoned by millions.

It is said, and there appears to be considerable foundation for the statement, that, during her residence in Washington, the wily lobbyist was herself deluded and wronged. Almost every swindler finds some one more unscrupulous and daring than himself, and it was so in this woman's case. An Englishman named Baxter, a worthless scion of a good family, and with a title in expectancy, but no immediate reliance other than cards and billiards, proved more than a match even for the skilled female diplomatist. They were married, it is said, pri-

vately, and as we have seen, she bore his name at times.

What has become of Baxter is not known, but it seems that the dashing Southerner considered herself a free agent, for during her first stay in Chicago it was openly bruited that she would marry the legislator from the Pacific Slope.

Somehow or other this fell through, and partly for revenge—partly, no doubt, with a view to the extortion of a large sum of money—she procured the child whose melancholy fate we have recorded. Its mother was induced to part with it by liberal promises of reward, and the adventuress, with her colleague and assistant, the French waiting-maid, visited California as narrated.

Their scheme partly succeeded and partly failed, for although the Senator, with a wholesome fear of exposure, bled freely of his wealth, he was shrewd enough to couple with the compromise which was made, a written stipulation that he should be freed from all further claims. Thus the unhappy infant, the unconscious instrument of a wicked woman, became an incumbrance to her, and this was the reason why she and her confederates removed it from the care of

the Garveys, and placed it at the door of the institution. To judge her charitably—for she has gone now where He who knows all will act as Judge—we may hope that her intent was not murder, and that the death of the poor child was not anticipated. But the case taken in all its bearings, was one of the strangest I ever met, and it is told to-day for the first time.

LEAF V.

THE TELL-TALE SKULL.

EVEN in this anything but romantic age the indefatigable seeker after sensational items for the daily papers occasionally drops upon something so strange that the wildest imagination of the professional novelist is commonplace in comparison. How the following strange story came to the knowledge of the writer concerns not the reader. Every word of it is true, and though the names have been carefully concealed by the use of fictitious rather than real ones, yet there are

many residents of Chicago who will recognize the parties concerned, and find the main incidents familiar.

There was nothing strange about the house, No. — Wabash avenue. It was one of those comparatively old-fashioned red brick structures with a high stoop, of which whole rows vie with each other in the exquisite cleanness of the steps, the trim order of the small garden, and the luxuriance of the window plants. A smarter darkey than the one who here answered the door bell could not be found on the avenue, a more faultless turnout than the dark green and brown glass-fronted carriage, with its pair of coal black horses, never carried a prettier couple than Hattie and Selina Smith, the daughters of Hiram Smith, the retired broker who occupied this genteel residence.

Hiram Smith was reputed one of the wealthiest citizens of Chicago, and although never seen more on 'Change, he was largely interested in stocks of various kinds, and there was scarcely a dividend declared on any of the safe and profitable investments connected with the city, or, indeed, the Northwest, which did not add considerably to his bank account.

On a fine morning in January, some eighteen

months before this fourth of July, 1879, Smith was seated at an elegant rosewood escritoire in the luxurious library, which fronted on the avenue, overlooking a large package of deeds, bonds, mortgages, and other securities, which for some purpose or other he had that morning removed from the Fidelity vaults.

"There," said he, "those West Side street shares will realize at least sixty thousand, those North Side shares will bring me half as much, the Express scrip at 58¼ will net close upon forty thousand, my Rock Islands are good for twenty-five, and that Lockport property has sold for half cash and half Toledo and Wabash, the title is accepted, no suspicions are aroused, and the old place with all its unpleasant recollections is off my hands. The great secret is now a secret forever; dead men tell no tales. I have only now to transfer this house and the rest of my Chicago real estate, and the vast stake I played so boldly for is won. Vivian returns this week, the marriage must not be delayed, once get him safely tied to Hattie, and Selina the wife of Clarges, the scheme is complete, my hands are unfettered, and I am free. All good Americans when they die go to Paris, but I prefer seeing the me-

tropolis of luxury in the flesh. What a lucky thing Vivian did not return until ——" Here his soliloquy was interrupted by a rattling voice in the hall—"All right, Snowball, I'll introduce myself."

We can not be as nonchalant about so important a character as the hero of our little life drama was about himself, and must try to describe the dashing young fellow, who, at the conclusion of this off-hand speech dashed into the presence of the millionaire. Vivian Denston was a tall young man of some five and twenty summers, whose profession was the law, but whose business was pleasure. His face was almost a regular oval, his eye a piercing hazel, his hair ebony black, and his lips thin, and when the face was in repose decidedly cruel. He was thoroughly *chic* in his dress, and his boots, gloves and hat were unmistakably Parisian.

As he entered, Smith's back was towards the door, but Vivian crossed the room unhesitatingly and tapped him on the shoulder.

Smith started, exclaimed "Who's there?" and turning, continued, "Talk of the devil and—Denston, my boy, how *do* you do?"

"Oh," replied Denston, "salubrious. European air has not spoiled my complexion, Paris girls have not stolen my heart, French suppers have not ruined my health nor destroyed my appetite; but Hiram, my Crœsus, what are these?" and he unceremoniously seized upon a bundle of deeds and bonds.

"Those," answered Smith, "those, my boy, are the blood of life, the stuff we Yankees dig, delve, slave, travel, ——"

"And murder for, eh?" interrupted Vivian.

"What's that you say? Oh, ah, I see, a joke, eh? Devilish good, upon my word. But have you seen Hattie?"

"Why," replied Denston, "that is just the business I want to talk about to you. You see I'm ——"

"In a deuce of a hurry to make her Mrs. Vivian Denston; of course it's quite natural in you young fellows."

"Yes," said the young man, "I dare say it is; but you see, Smith, that don't happen to be my case. I've altered my opinion."

"What? altered your opinion? Did you not propose, were you not accepted? I gave you my consent, and ——"

"Ha! ha!" laughed Vivian. "All very right, strictly O K, most paternal papa, but you see since I've been to Paris and seen more of the *bon ton*, as the *parlez vous* call it, I've changed my mind and must decline ——"

"An alliance with my family," roared Hiram Smith.

"Soft and easy, soft and easy. Don't let your dander rise. That's not exactly the case, but then, you see, Hattie is one of those divine little domestic creatures, decidedly without dash. Now I find that dash is the thing, and I propose asking you for the hand of her sister."

At this audacious proposal, Smith lost all control of his temper, and he shrieked rather than replied, "Her sister! Sir, is my family to be at your beck and call? Am I to submit to the affections of my child being thus trifled with? You know how she loves you, how popular report has already mated you, and how her fair name will be compromised. No, sir, it can not be, neither would Selina submit to it, and I, sir, as the father of a family ——"

"I know all that, my friend, have read it in the romances of the period, but ——" Here Vivian spoke very slowly and with a tantalizing

pause between every word, at the same time disengaging a somewhat bulky and peculiar looking parcel tied up in a silk handkerchief, from his coat-tail pocket; "we will change the subject. I have a curiosity here." He deliberately untied the bandanna, and produced a bleached and grinning skull.

"Good Heavens!" cried Smith, "Denston, are you mad? What on earth do you mean?"

"Oh, no," said Vivian, "not mad, merely a modern Hamlet, with all his philosophy, but none of his mania. I only wished to call your attention to a peculiarity about this cranium. Do you see it has a perforation at the back, which, although evidently arising from collision with a pistol ball, could hardly have been received in this location during the exchange of civilities in an honorable duel."

During this speech, Smith, evidently overcome by some internal struggle, sank into his chair and stared with blank astonishment at the speaker. The effort to control his feelings was useless, and he exclaimed in an agony of terror, "Help! help! air! I choke!"

With the utmost coolness Denston continued. "Strange effect it seems to have on the old

gentleman." He placed the skull upon the table, and unbuttoned the collar of his companion, whose staring eyes and engorged temples seemed to threaten apoplexy. By vigorous fanning, however, on the part of Vivian, and a violent mental effort on his own, Smith overcame his silent terror, and exclaimed, "A pistol ball, ball, ball! Take it away! take it away!"

"Why, what's the matter, Smith?" coolly asked Denston. "Are you personally interested in that specimen of defunct humanity?"

Smith, recovering his presence of mind, exclaimed, "Ha! ha! a joke, a devilish good joke. Interested? Not I, but my nerves are none of the strongest, and having that nasty thing popped under my nose ——"

"Do you know where that skull was found?" asked Vivian.

"How should I?" queried Smith.

"Well, it was accidentally dug up at Lockport. I can tell you the exact spot."

"No, thank you, my boy, I take no interest in antiquarian researches."

"Nor the clearing up of long-hid mysteries, eh?"

"Say no more about it, Denston. What can I do for you, my dear friend?"

"Well, my dear prospective father-in-law, I wish you to use your influence with Selina. I must and *will*, mark me, *will* marry Selina, and then, you see, I shall take no further interest in antiquarian researches, and get rid of my specimens."

To this modest request, Smith, now completely humbled, replied, "Well, of course, as long as you honor my family with an alliance, it matters but little which daughter you take. But no more of it at present, I hear her footstep in the hall."

At this moment the door opened and a tall, elegantly formed, dashing blonde, whose dusky golden ringlets hung like a sheaf of sunbeams round a face fair as the bosom of the sea-born deity, came tripping into the room, saying as she entered, "Oh, papa, you promised ——" then seeing Vivian she added, "I beg your pardon, sir, I fancied pa was alone."

"Come in, child," replied her father. "This is an old acquaintance, fresh from Paris, with a complete knowledge of bonnets and bijouterie."

"Miss Smith," said Vivian, bowing politely, "permit me to congratulate you upon your appearance ; you are as charming as ever."

To this flattering speech Selina replied, haughtily, "Mr. Denston will reserve his French compliments for more welcome ears."

"For shame! Selina," almost angrily retorted her father. "Have you no word of welcome for an old friend? You who were the subject of our conversation as you came in?"

Selina asked, "To what cause do I owe the honor of Mr. Denston's remarks?"

Not knowing how far the sudden interest taken in his affairs might lead Mr. Smith to go, and recognizing discretion as the better part of valor, Mr. Denston checked him as he was about to reply, and said, "Miss Smith, it will probably be more fitting that I should retire and leave a matter of some delicacy in the hands of your respected papa. So *au revoir*—and Mr. Smith. I will see you again about—about those antiquarian researches I was speaking of."

Taking his hat he then retired, saying to himself as he crossed the hall, "And now, John Fleming, I think I have checkmated you."

The gentleman thus cavalierly alluded to was

a highly prosperous merchant, whose business was one of the most lucrative in the city, and between whom and Vivian Denston there was a bitter enmity, and who, it was whispered among fashionable society, was the accepted lover of Miss Selina Smith.

"No sooner had the gallant gay Lothario quitted the library than Selina asked her father the meaning of this mystery, this matter of some delicacy. All the satisfaction she obtained was in the form of a question. "Do you love your father?"

"Has he ever had reason to doubt my affection?" was the response.

Her father replied, "Words of mere compliment mean but little, except accompanied by obedience."

"Did I ever disobey you, papa?"

"No, child, but you must prepare to accede to a very abrupt proposition."

"And that is——?"

"To marry Vivian Denston."

"Never! never!" exclaimed the astonished and frightened girl.

"Selina," replied her father, I tell you he must be your husband, or——"

"Father," almost shrieked his terrified daughter, "in all that doth become a dutiful child, I have ever been obedient, but to prove false to the man I love—and I do love, papa—to be the slave of a man's caprice, the rival of a sister, and the bride of one whom I fear and loathe, would as little become me to endure as it seems to me unfatherly in you to require. Who is this grand Turk who has liberty to enter our house and fling his handkerchief first at one and then at the other according to the idle fancy of the hour?"

Angry and ashamed of himself, but borne down by what he knew to be a fatal necessity, he sternly replied, "You shall know what it is to thwart a father's will. Prepare this night to receive Vivian Denston as your accepted lover, or I will show you that such punishment awaits a disobedient child as she little dreams of."

"Oh, father!" exclaimed the poor girl, "by my sainted mother's memory, by your recollections of your own wedded love, you can not, you will not ——"

"No more," he cried, interrupting her. "It must be as I say. You marry Denston, or a dying father's curse will drag you to perdition. Love, bah!—choice, nonsense!—a sick girl's

dream. Marriage now-a-days is but a convenience; fortune, a home, a position in society—all these will be yours. I can lavish wealth upon you, and Denston is rich. I'll hold no parley with a disobedient daughter. Make up your mind to marry him. Be brave and you can command happiness. I will see him again this afternoon—shall tell him to call this evening. Receive him as your lover, accept him as your husband, or dread the consequences of your folly."

Saying this, and spurning her from him, he abruptly left the room, leaving her upon the floor where she had flung herself in a last appeal to her father's generosity. Rising from her prostrate position, and with an effort nerving herself for the struggle she felt must come, she exclaimed, "Marry Denston!—a father's curse! Oh, no! he could not curse his child. But he is a harsh man and will not be thwarted. Meet Vivian to-night—to-night! No! sooner shall the calm bosom of the lake receive one more victim, sooner shall death bear me to my mother's arms, than I become the bride of this man, this monster without a heart."

Her mind was made up, her resolve taken, and

quietly she went about making her preparations. Liberally supplied with pocket money, she was not without funds, and packing up a few necessary articles in so small a compass as to avoid suspicion, she watched for a favorable opportunity, and when her father went down town to report to Denston the result of his negotiations, she silently quitted the house. Great was the astonishment of the household at the evening meal when Selina was found missing. Of course no one except her father could imagine any cause for her absence, and her sister, until late at night, imagined that she had been detained at the house of some friend. Hour after hour passed away.

The expectant lover came according to the appointment made with her father, attired in all the glory of full evening costume, and it may be imagined how constrained and awkward was his interview with the sister, whose love he had sought and whose affection he now scorned. Hattie, however, was so troubled at the unaccountable disappearance of her sister that she suspected no wrong, and when all hopes of her return had passed away, she had the horses put in the carriage, and made a round of inquiry

among her aristocratic friends of the South and North Sides. The father and Vivian Denston, both feeling that something dreadful had happened, went to the bureau of a detective force and instituted a rigid search. The police were notified, the most indefatigable agents were enlisted in the search, but day after day passed, and nothing was heard of the missing Selina.

* * * * * *

In a gloomy old house, fronting on a square, which, once trim and highly cultivated, looked the more untidy and dilapidated from the neglect into which it had fallen, in a portion of the city of New York from whence Fashion had departed up town wards, the rooms were let out at reasonable rates to the artistic and literary Bohemians who congregate in the great metropolis of the Union.

Here the student struggling against poverty and want of patronage dreamed of exhibitions and commissions, and drew from the models who for a dollar or two permitted their unadorned charms to be portrayed by the artist. Here the industrious essayist, the plodding itemizer and the writers of precarious editorials or occasional sensations, burnt the midnight oil, and too fre-

quently made night hideous by the chanting of snatches of slang songs picked up at the gardens or music halls. It was a strange but kindly commonwealth, and a pipe full of tobacco, a crayon or a color was as readily given, as freely asked for, among the denizens of this roomy old dwelling.

There was one room, however, which bore a striking difference from the rest, and it was long before any of the inmates of the house penetrated beyond the jealously locked door. Evidently its occupant was a hard working student, who merely left his room when he had work completed, and then, merely long enough to go down to Sarony's, or some other photographer's, with the contents of a red morocco portfolio, neatly tied, and containing exquisitely finished portraits in water color. It was in this way the young man made his living, but his work was so perfect, his taste so refined, that he readily obtained all, and more than all he could do.

He was fair haired and extremely handsome, and always dressed in a frock coat of splendid fit; the balance of his costume far above the usual style of garb worn by struggling artists,

both as to quality and style. From his beauty and his reticence he was christened by his housemates the "dumb Apollo." He took no part in the bacchanalian revels which too often characterized the house in which he lived, and beyond a walk in the square, or a ride up to the park after his day's work was done, he seemed to care for no amusement.

Months passed thus, but by degrees nodding acquaintanceships with the better class of roomers were formed, and one or two of the more talented young artists who lived lives of industrious seclusion were admitted into his rooms, one of which was used as a studio, and the other furnished in the most fastidious taste as a bed-room. It was evident that the mysterious student did not confine himself altogether to working for the photographers, for many landscape sketches and beautifully finished miniature pictures adorned his walls. Very frequently would his visitors ask him to accompany them to the theatre or concert rooms, but these invitations were kindly though firmly refused.

On one occasion, however, New York rung with the praises of a lovely young girl about whose

life and origin there hung a strange mystery, and who was singing at a decent though not very fashionable music hall, in one of the most retired streets of the metropolis. In this young girl the artist seemed to take a strange interest, and when all curiosity was piqued by the impossibity of learning her story, he felt an irresistible desire to see and hear the beautiful creature of whom he heard so much from his companions. Pressed to go, he at length consented, and in company with a student whose tastes and habits were almost as refined as his own, he, for the first and only time in his life ventured over the threshold of a New York Music Hall.

The room was crowded. The galleries set apart for those who preferred lighter viands than the beer and liquor served out below, were adorned with heavy evergreens in large tubs, between which were placed tables for the refreshments which might be required. At one of these our two artists were seated. But little attention was paid to the first two or three numbers, all anxiously waiting for the appearance of the mysterious lady whose original songs, pretty voice and still prettier figure, had created so great a furore.

At length, the orchestra commenced one of her favorite airs, and she bounded like a sylph before the curtain. She was a brunette of glorious beauty, young and lithe as a wand, dressed in a fancy Spanish costume, which set off the splendid contour of her bust and form to perfection. She sang with a pathos and a power which electrified the audience. Our artist, who had during the previous songs kept retired behind one of the evergreens, was enchanted, and forgetful of everything but the music he heard, and the gorgeous creature who was upon the stage, leaned forward over the slight bannister which surrounded the gallery.

His hat was off, and the crisp yellow curls which surrounded his head like a glory, added an almost supernatural beauty to his fair face. Many eyes were turned upwards to gaze upon a young man so singularly handsome, when all at once a dark, elegant gentleman rose from the body of the hall and made rapid strides for the gallery. Pushing his way through the crowd of waiters at the entrance, and going down the aisle between the tables, he approached the one at which our artist friends were seated.

The unknown turned his head, recognized in a moment the party who was hurrying towards them, and shouting, "It is John Fleming," immediately swooned away. It was no longer a secret; the golden-haired artist was a woman, and in another instant was locked in the embrace of the gentleman who had hurried up on recognizing her. Of course there was considerable excitement, but, under the powerful protection of her lover, Selina Smith in male attire was conveyed from the scene.

Taking her to one of the leading hotels he placed her in the care of an estimable and discreet lady, an acquaintance of his who was boarding there, and, after confiding as much of her story to his friend as was absolutely necessary, he retired, and waited until she could receive him in more befitting if not becoming attire. It was not long before he was summoned to her presence, and found her seated on a couch in an elegant morning wrapper which had been provided by his friend.

"Quite a metamorphosis you see," said the lady, as she entered; and then, feeling that they would have much to say to each other, which no

third party could be interested in, she retired to another room.

"You will forgive me, and keep my secret, John," she said, while blushes of maiden modesty suffused her cheeks. "It was for your sake!"

"My darling girl," he replied. "How cruel of you it was thus to desert us and keep us in agony so long. Of course I do not know the reasons for this flight, for — for — the curious disguise and the queer place in which I found you. A thousand idle rumors, a hundred idiotic scandals, have been launched, none of which, I feel certain, are true. I never gave you up, when week after week passed, when your friends mourned you as one dead. I hoped on, I have never rested, never ceased a moment in my search. It was the fame of the Spanish cantatrice which led me to that place to-night. I thought, in my folly, that that singer might be you. Of course I was deceived, but who can deny the fact that a mysterious Providence guided my steps in that direction. And now, my angel, my wife, my own, tell me the cause and the particulars of your flight, and why you chose so strange an attire; where you have lived,

and what you have done since the fatal night you fled from Chicago."

Selina opened her heart fully to her lover, gave him the story of her persecution, her father's infatuation and strange commands. She then inquired of her sister's condition, her father's welfare, and what had become of her tormenter.

"I am sorry," her lover replied, "that I have such bad news to convey. Your sister, almost broken-hearted at your loss — for she has long deemed you dead, and the perfidy of her lover, still lives at home, but visits nowhere, and sees no company. Vivian Denston seems to have some mysterious influence over your father, and I fear has led him into haunts of vice, where gambling for large stakes has sadly impaired a once colossal fortune. Bond after bond, security after security, has, I fear, found its way into the pockets of this man and his abandoned companions, but his malign influence over him seems as strong as ever. What is this tie? Do you know how or why a man like Hiram Smith should be the companion, the forced companion, I verily believe, of a man so notoriously known as a chief among the gambling fraternity of Chicago?"

"I do not know, but am convinced that this man, who would have married me, holds some dreadful secret of my poor father's, and that he dare not disobey him or throw him over, but I will dare all to save my father from ruin. I will accompany you to Chicago and confront the man I hate and wrest from him the secret he possesses?"

"Will you go as my wife, Selina? Say you will be mine. You are your own mistress, nobody dare control you, and we will together work to save your parent from this fiend in human form?"

"No, John, I can not do this, I can not marry until this fearful enigma is solved. I feel that it is my mission to attempt its solution, and anything, save one dreadful alternative, that will secure my parent from the machinations of this man, I will do. Your honorable character is well known, and mine is safe in your keeping. I will accompany you to Chicago, and together we will see what can be done to remove the baneful influence of the monster from my father."

"Brave girl, while grieving at your decision, I admire your motive, and when we together have

restored your father to himself, I shall claim my reward."

"Which shall be yours," she blushingly replied, and the two then parted for the night.

The following day they started for Chicago, a letter breaking the news having been dispatched to the sister by that night's mail. Little did they think what a welcome awaited them. The letter arrived twenty-four hours before the train by which they traveled.

When within some forty miles of the city, the newsboys cried the Chicago papers through the cars, and, purchasing one, John Fleming was horrified to see among the most prominent news, a long account headed "Mysterious murder or suicide on the steps of the Court House."

It was only by the most energetic will-power that he was able to conceal his emotion, and flinging the paper out of the car-window, he carefully abstained from making any allusions which could arouse the curiosity of his affianced bride. It appeared that on receiving the intelligence of the recovery of his daughter, long supposed dead, the infatuated man had communicated the intelligence to Denston, whose inflammable nature, aroused by the intelligence,

at once determined on a cruel revenge, and demanded of the poor old man the immediate consummation of their nuptials upon her return.

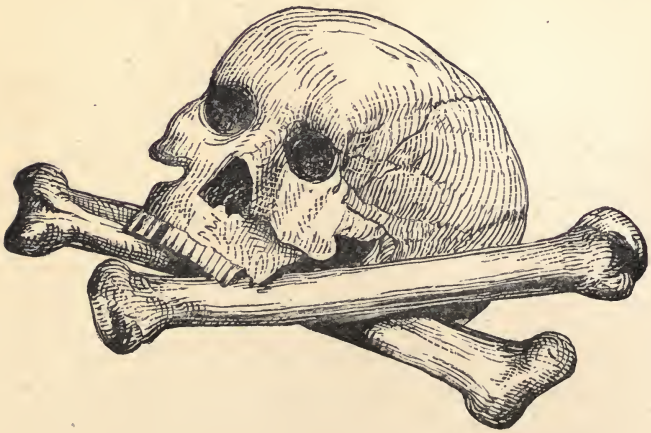
This was the last straw. Weakened mentally by long suffering, ruined in purse by the constant raids made upon it under threats of denouncement; the grinning evidence of an undiscovered and unpunished crime forever beneath his eyes, he could bear up no longer. Writing a full confession of the crime he had committed, and which had indeed, been a scorpion whip to him, he left it on his escritoire, kissed his remaining daughter with a kinder fervor than usual, and proceeding at midnight to the Douglas Monument, he had placed a pistol to his head and blown out his brains.

The secret of the skull was at length revealed. Some thirty years before, he had entered into speculations in the canals at Lockport, in conjunction with a friend, who placed implicit confidence in his honor. By his friend's death, an immense sum of money and real estate, rapidly increasing in value, would be his alone. He struggled against temptation, but mammon was too strong for him, and, in a moment of utter abandonment to the evil influence, he became a

murderer, hiding the victim of his crime in the grove at the bottom of the garden. The mysterious disappearance caused much comment at the time, but Smith escaped suspicion. He became the possessor of the wealth of his friend by a false will, and thought all was safe. Many years after, while digging the foundation for a new house which Vivian Denston was intending to build, on property purchased from the speculator who transferred the Toledo and Wabash shares to Hiram Smith, a skeleton was found. Denston was notified, and examining the skull, found the mark of the pistol shot. The disappearance of the former partner, the suddenly acquired wealth, the peculiar will, and the ownership of the property, led him to make his own conclusions, which were verified by the terror of Smith upon beholding the skull. All these things were made known at the time of the suicide, but were carefully suppressed, and this is the first time the mystery of the Court House suicide has been cleared up.

We must pass over the grief of the children, the horror they felt at the discovery of their father's turpitude, and the excitement caused by the occurrence at the time. It is sufficient to say,

that John Fleming is to-day the honored husband of the handsomest blonde in Chicago; the elder sister living with them unmarried and resigned; while the author of so much misery, the elegant Vivian Denston, is serving out a long term of imprisonment at Joliet for a participation in one of the most notorious forgeries which has astonished the commercial world of America since the formation of the Union.



LEAF VI.

JANET AND JAMIE.

"THERE is a queer case down stairs," said Captain Simon O'Donnell, chief of the First Precinct Chicago Police, to the writer, as he entered the Harrison Street Station one evening, in pursuit of such news as falls to the province of a night reporter on a great morning daily. "It's a very queer case indeed," he continued, "and I must say I think the poor girl's story is true."

Now queer cases are so continually occurring, which take on the most prosaic of forms when subjected to the light of scrutiny, that the burly Captain's announcement met only an indifferent reception, and, after collecting from the station-keeper whatever of interest had come within the limits of his observation, I was about departing, when the turnkey met me on the outer stairs, and remarked, "Of course you've been below to see that poor Scotch lassie and hear her story?"

"No. Is it worth the listening to?"

"Come and see."

And thus saying, the keeper of the keys led the way to the basement floor, which was his peculiar domain.

I wonder if one reputable citizen in a thousand has the remotest idea regarding the cell portion of a city prison, or gives a thought to the possibility of reform in the appointments of such a place. To be sure, it is neither a Marshalsea nor a Newgate. Its walls are clean and sweet as water and whitewash can make them. Its temperature is regulated by steam and thermometer. Its guardians are men of integrity and kindly purpose. Yet the cells, ranged in line, with their barred fronts, their

stone floors, their one wooden bench, and their noisome insect inmates, are anything but attractive for those not born to the dungeon. Great rats, grown fat and foul, wander about with a fearlessness bred of familiarity; and drunken prisoners, reckless through years of sin and degradation, fill in the hours with loud-voiced ribaldry.

As the first huge door opened to admit us, a shriek rang out on the air, so despairing, so awful in the intensity of its fear, that we involuntarily paused.

"What is that?"

"Oh, it's a fellow brought down here awhile ago to sober up. I should judge from the noise he makes that he was crossing the frontier into the land of delirium tremens. But come on, and never mind him now. If he is suffering, he has himself alone to blame."

So the turnkey strode ahead down the second corridor to where stood a cell with wide open portal, so situated as to catch every breeze wafted in through the window from the hot July night.

"Miss Ross," he said—and it was wonderful to note how his voice of harsh command toned

down to gentlest courtesy—"here is a gentleman who would like to hear whatever you may choose to tell him, and who, I have no doubt, will be glad to serve you by every means in his power."

At this there came from out the darkness of the place a woman whose large gray eyes were dominated by an eager, questioning look, which often gave place to an expression of unutterable, hopeless sadness. A woman? As she reached the full glare of the gas, she seemed hardly more than a child—a wee thing to be taken home by loving parents and cared for and petted.

But for all that there was something in her face of dignity and loveliness which fascinated, and drew off all obtrusive attention from her coarse and scanty garments. She seemed one who had arrived at queenhood through suffering, and the crown she wore was a glorious coil of auburn hair, which shimmered in the light as the sea glints in the sunshine.

"Can you help me to find my Jamie?" she asked, in a sweet contralto voice.

"Who is your Jamie?" I queried.

"Perhaps it would be as well, sir, to tell you the whole story, and then you may be able to advise me better. You see, sir, I am from the

old Scotch cathedral town of Elgin, away off among the Morayshire hills, and Jamie and me were born in High street, only a short distance from each other. He was older than I, and very clever. His father wanted him to clerk in a draper's shop, but he didn't care to be a tradesman and ran away from home. He came back a couple of years ago from Aberdeen, where he had been working in a solicitor's office. By this time he was of age, and his visit was that he might see me.

"He told me what I already knew. He said he loved me and wished me to marry him, but that when I was his wife, he couldn't bear to have me work and be poor all my life, so he had come for my promise, and then he was going away to America, where a willing man could be and do something. Ah me! I was proud and happy, and yet so sorry, for you see I didn't want to let him go so far away. But it all seemed for the best, and after we had plighted our troth, he strode off down the street, to catch the Glasgow train. It was just at sunset, and I can almost see him yet—so tall, so manly, so bright, so bonny.

"Well, sir," she continued, "he sailed as he

said he should, and then the letters began to reach me. First he wrote from New York about the great busy land in which he found himself, and then there followed word that he had decided to make Chicago his home, because some friends there were going to help him finish his studies, and get to be what you call a lawyer. About two months ago he sent me £50, and said I should come to him; that he was doing well; and that there was no reason why we should wait longer. So I got ready, bade dear old Elgin good bye, and reached here three weeks ago.

"How glad I was when they said the train would be in Chicago in an hour! for you see I thought Jamie would be waiting for me at the station. But he wasn't. So I had to go to a hotel all by myself, and the next morning I went to the place where he was working for some attorneys. What a cruel lie they told me! They said Jamie had lost his place because he drank too much. I came away from there sick at heart. I advertised in the papers for him, and went to all the lawyers' offices, but no one knew where he was.

"Then a few days ago my money gave out, and

the innkeeper held my things for board, and turned me from his house. To-night I was almost starving, and a kind policeman brought me here. They are very good, but it's a horrid place, and those men they have locked up say such wicked words that I've been sitting away back in the dark to try and not hear them. Do you think," she wistfully closed, "that you can help me to find my Jamie, for you know I feel sure he is looking for me as eagerly as I am for him?"

All the while the poor girl had been telling of her love and loyalty, demoniac yells had continued to issue from the cell of the rum maniac, and toward the last, the turnkey had gone away to call a physician, who might do something for the agonized sufferer. He now returned, and said:

"Perhaps there'll be another item for you before morning. That crazy man, the doctor says, has the worst case of 'snakes' he ever saw, and can't last many hours longer. Seems to be a nice young fellow, too, for every little while when his senses kind o' come back to him, he is calling for Janet—a sweetheart of his, I suppose, or something of that sort."

"Why, how strange!" exclaimed the little Scotch lady; "my name is Janet."

The turnkey started. "By Jove!" he muttered to himself, "I never thought of that," and he hurried away up stairs to the station-keeper's office. He came back in a moment very quietly, and said, with a pitying look:

"Miss Ross, what is the full name of the gentleman you wish to find?"

"James Gordon Campbell," she replied.

"All right," he responded, with a forced attempt at cheerfulness. "Now you take a little rest while I show this gentleman about, and then we will decide what we can do for you."

As she tripped back into her dismal abiding place, the turnkey whispered in my ear—

"Great God! what shall we do? That poor little girl's lover is the man with the tremens!"

"Is there any chance that he will recover?"

"Not the slightest in the world. He's a nervous wreck, and may go to pieces at any moment."

"Does the doctor think he will be rational before he dies?"

"Yes, he says that when exhaustion takes the place of delirium the man may have a quarter of an hour of sanity, but that such a symptom is the immediate precursor of death."

"Well, then, watch him closely, and wait till that moment arrives. Janet Ross must never know the man she worships is dying of drink. So tell me when it comes to the last, and leave what remains to be done to me."

With these words I went up stairs and out in front of the frowning building, which had seen the burial of so many high hopes, but in all its existence no sadder tragedy than this. The clouds which had flitted across the moon and stars ever since sundown, now gathered in great black masses, from out which darted angry lightnings. The thunder rolled heavily above the subdued murmurs of a sleeping city, and big drops began to fall in presage of a storm.

A hand touched me lightly on the shoulder, and a voice said simply, "Come." I understood, and followed.

Once more we entered the gloomy, iron-bound

portals; but already there was a change. A solemn hush had succeeded the noisy outbreaks of an hour before. A little group of men were gathered in front of an open cell. Among their number was a physician who was kneeling above a prostrate form, with something more than professional gravity and interest in his air.

The patient who was receiving his attention lay on his back on the floor, a blanket under his head, and the bare stones his couch. There was no sign of delirium about him now, and as he threw back his damp, blonde locks, or absently twitched at his tawny mustache, his dark blue eyes seemed to be gazing far away beyond the present into a past filled with tender recollections.

"Can we do anything for you, my poor fellow?" asked one from among the number standing about.

"Nothing," came the reply, "I only long for the impossible. I want to see the dear old town, and wander among the heather blooms again with Janet. Poor girl! If I could only tell her all, and knew that she forgave me!"

The turnkey looked at me. "Bring her here," he whispered. I went, and found the wanderer seated as before in her chosen dark corner, waiting.

"You have come back," she cried, stepping out into the light. "I felt sure you would keep your word. Can you tell me anything of Jamie, yet?"

"Yes, much," I answered, "but first promise me to summon all your courage and fortitude, for while you shall see Jamie, it will be only for a short, very short time."

The girl's face grew white, and her eyes filled with tears. "Yes, yes," she cried, "I will be brave, only tell me—is he sick, or hurt, or anything? and can I go to him?"

"Yes," and my lips framed a lie which was merciful. "We found him out of work and dying in a noisome lodging house. His only thought is for you, and we have brought him here that you may be together. Come."

Janet staggered back and pressed her little hand to her heart. She seemed about to faint, and then with desperate energy rallied and said: "Take me to him quick, and God help me!"

As we approached, the group of lookers-on fell back. Jamie was lying as before, but his senses were already wandering, and his only cry was, "Janet, where are you, my darling?"

She stepped to his side, and leaning over, put one cool soft hand on his fevered brow. "Here I am, Jamie."

The closed eyes opened, and the vagrant mind rallied to this supreme call of love. "I am dying, dear," he murmured, "and all our dreams and plans can never come to pass."

"It is the dear Lord's will," Janet whispered, with something of the old Scotch fatalism, "and we must submit. There is nothing else to do, but while you live, we will be together," and sitting down she gently drew his head into her lap. He breathed a sigh of relief, and lay silent for a moment.

"Do you remember, Janet," he finally said, "those songs we sang together in auld lang syne? Well, do you know I can't live but a little while, and it seems I should die happier if the last sound I heard was your voice as I used to hear it when we sat side by side to see the sun go down below the hills."

The maiden choked back a rising sob with a mighty effort, and began in a low, rich contralto, that sweet, sad ballad of Highland Mary:

"Ye banks, and braes, and streams around
The castle of Montgomery,
Green be your fields and fair your flowers,
Your waters never drumlie.
There summer first unfolds her robe,
And there the longest tarry,
For there I took the last farewell
Of my sweet Highland Mary.

"With many a vow and locked embrace,
Our parting was full tender,
And pledging oft to meet again,
We tore ourselves asunder.
But, Oh! fell death's untimely frost,
That nipped my flower so early!
How green's the sod, and cold the clay
That wraps my Highland Mary."

The tones echoed out through the corridor, unfaltering, pure, yet hopeless, and more than one listener turned away to hide an unaccustomed tear. The singer closed the second verse, when Jamie raised himself with a last convulsive effort, threw his arms about her neck, kissed her, and

gasping "Good bye, my love," fell back a corpse.

Then the poor heart, so sorely and suddenly overburdened, gave way, and a rain of tears showered the face of the dead. We left her alone with her grief, but before we departed, a small purse was deposited with the station-keeper for her benefit.

* * * * * *

Next day found me again at the station.

"Where is the little Scotch lassie?" I asked.

"At the Morgue."

"What!"

"Fact. We gave her that money this morning, and she thanked us pretty as could be. She was quiet, but with the strangest fixed look on her features you ever saw. About two hours ago a policeman of the day squad came in and reported a suicide just found in the lake at the foot of Twelfth street. I went and took a look at the body. It was Janet Ross."

"And the money?"

"She'd used it to pay what she owed that infernal hotel keeper who put her out."

* * * * * *

Peeping above the rank, uncared-for grass of summer, a gravestone at Graceland bears the inscription:

JANET AND JAMIE.

And that is all.

LEAF VII.

THE WITNESS FROM THE DEAD.

MOST of the representatives of the numerous nationalities congregated in this most cosmopolitan of Western cities, naturally, and of their own choice, gravitate around separate and almost distinct centres, and although, of course, the native element is everywhere represented, localities may be found, and, indeed, are well defined, in which the large majority of the residents are children of adoption and not "to the manor born."

Thus the North Side is largely German; the explorer of Halsted street will find the Hibernian element predominating largely as he travels south; and the traveler by a Milwaukee avenue car passes through a couple of miles of territory in which a large majority of the residents are of Scandinavian birth. South Canal street and Canalport avenue are so distinctively Bohemian in their character that this quarter is popularly known as "Bohemia." At the foot of Indiana avenue, between Twelfth and Fourteenth streets, is a closely-packed colony of Italians, while French, Swedish and other foreign-born citizens abound in other districts.

The scene of this brief story, one of the most startling and strange that ever came under the notice of the writer, is laid in the Polish colony in the northwestern part of the city, in the vicinity of Elston road. Possibly a condition of things to be found nowhere else in the Union exists here. The people are chiefly of the lower orders from Warsaw, Cracow, and the divisions of Czersko and Sandonura. Bred up in almost total ignorance, and looking upon their priests as their only governors, they are for the most part bigoted and superstitious. At the same time

they are industrious and economical. Their affairs, both spiritual and temporal, are managed almost exclusively by their priests, who carry on their correspondence, superintend the investment of their savings, examine into the titles of the homesteads they acquire, and forward money for them to their relatives and friends on the banks of the Weisel or Vistula.

That popular belief in the existence of ghosts and other apparitions, which with the modern American and his advanced theories has become almost a thing of the past among the native born, still remains strongly fixed in the minds of the Polish settlers. That such things really are, I would be the last to declare, yet in the face of the remarkable case which I have to narrate, and which came under my personal observance, I can not overlook the possibilities. Exponents of spiritualism and correlative beliefs may find in these, in electro-biology or in physic-force, mesmerism or some one of half a dozen "isms," an explanation which may satisfy them. I can not explain, and it is simply my task to record the facts as they were brought to my notice. They are vouched for by credible witnesses, some of them gentlemen

of much more than ordinary intelligence and ability.

Bernhard Rubas, by trade a striker in a blacksmith's shop, was a man of massive build, drunken and quarrelsome in his habits, and the terror of the neighborhood in which he lived. The looseness of his life and his evil disposition had made him a scandal and a reproach, and it was currently reported that he feared neither God, man, nor the devil. For several years prior to August, 1875, his wife had been ailing, scarcely able to drag her weary feet day by day to the mills with the little tin can containing her husband's lunch, and too much of an invalid to accompany him to the saloon or beer-garden in which he nightly spent the most of his hard earnings.

As her malady increased, the poor woman was more and more neglected by her brutal husband, and she was indebted to the care and kindness of a widow of her own nationality, whose husband met his death by the explosion of a mould, for what few small comforts she enjoyed. Her husband, while neglecting her, had, it appeared, formed an intimacy with a woman of somewhat notorious character, a "squatter" on some unoccupied land near the Rolling Mills, where she

obtained a living by managing a garden patch, which she had herself fenced in, and by keeping a cow, some chickens, and other farm animals. In fact Rubas was more frequently to be found, when not at the beer-garden, in the company of this person, a congenial associate for a man of such habits and temper.

One morning when the poor widow before mentioned came in about the usual hour to visit her sick friend, she found, to her intense astonishment, the house deserted entirely. On the previous afternoon she had left Mrs. Rubas very ill in bed, and it seemed scarcely credible that she should have been able to leave her couch. The bed had been occupied but the sheets were cold, there was no fire in the stove, and portions of the woman's apparel were lying on the chair by the bedside as usual. The widow inquired among the neighbors, but none of them had seen aught of Terena Rubas. It should be stated that the cottage occupied by the ill-assorted couple stood in a somewhat retired position, and that the nearest inhabited house was distant from it at least one hundred yards.

The widow sought next the man Rubas, whom she found with his sleeves rolled up over the

elbows of his brawny arms, and hard at work. Leaning upon the sledge-hammer with which he was busied, the man declared, with a great oath, that he neither knew nor cared what had become of his wife. There were few to interest themselves to any great extent in regard to the welfare of the poor patient creature who had so long borne the brutality of her so-called protector, but her disappearance caused some talk in the neighborhood.

Before, however, the story had time to crystallize into suspicion and doubt, all surmises were set at rest. On the evening of the same day a workman employed on the excavations in Lincoln Park discovered the dead body of the woman lying face downward in a pond near the lake shore. The depth of the water was not more than three feet, and the most natural hypothesis was, that the poor woman, tired of the constant abuse to which she had been subjected, had decided to end all her troubles at once by suicide.

An inquest was held, as a matter of course, and, without much investigation, beyond ascertaining the fact that the woman lived unhappily with her husband, a verdict of "suicide by

drowning" was returned. There were not wanting at the time many who argued that the husband was morally to blame for the death of his maltreated wife, and that he had driven her to self-murder by his infernal brutality, but it did not occur to any one to impute to him the actual commission of murder. The body was handed over to the husband for burial, and was decently though plainly interred in the Polish Catholic Cemetery, although not in consecrated ground. The husband followed the remains to the graveyard, the only other attendant being the Polish widow, and in a few minutes the grave closed on all that was mortal of poor Terena Rubas.

The death of his wife seemed in no way to act as a warning to Bernhard. He behaved fairly well on the day of the inquest and the funeral, but on returning from the latter in the evening, started straightway for a saloon, and long before midnight had drank himself into a state of complete intoxication. He now made no secret of his connection with the woman before referred to, and actually sold his homestead and removed his furniture to her house.

Terena's friend, the poor widow who had so carefully tended her while alive, mourned deeply, and felt almost tempted to question the over-ruling power of Providence, as she thought of her sufferings and death, while the brutal husband reveled in health and indulged to the full in his career of profligacy and dissipation.

And now comes the strangest part of this history, which, if it had not been sworn to in court before a judge, and corroborated by still more mysterious circumstances, would be looked upon as too romantic to deserve for a moment the consideration of the intelligent reader.

One evening, a few months after the death of Mrs. Rubas, the widow was sitting on a bench in front of her cottage, a retired one near to Clybourne place, when she heard footsteps approaching, and, turning her head, saw Terena Rubas by her side. The sweetness, mildness, and naturalness of her appearance completely overmastered that terror which it would be thought such an apparition would have occasioned, and, instead of being horrified, the widow was really rejoiced to see her. She was dressed

in her habit as she lived, and there was nothing ghostly or shadow-like in her appearance. According to the sworn testimony of the widow as taken before a Notary Public, and afterwards repeated in the private room of Judge —— to that estimable jurist, the following conversation then took place:

"The Saints in Heaven preserve us! Terena, is that you? Where have you been? We all thought it was your body they found in the pond at Lincoln Park."

"And who did you think put me there?"

"We thought you had drowned yourself."

"How could *you* do me such an injustice?"

"What could I do; what could I say; what could I think? But where have you been, Terena?"

"I have been on a long, long journey."

"But why did you go without letting me know? You know I was always a friend of yours."

"I was hurried away, and had no time."

"But you were so ill. How could you get away?"

"I am better now. I never was so well in my life, not even when, a light-hearted girl, I danced

at home by the banks of the dear old Vistula. My husband cured me."

"What, your husband? Why, how did he cure you?"

"With a bottle."

"Why didn't he tell me? I don't understand it at all. But where have you been, Terena?"

"I have been on a journey to a strange place. But you know nothing of it. You only know that dreadful place in the Park, where I rested the first night, and a cold, damp place it was."

"Heaven help me! why that was the pond where they found what they said was your body. But tell me, Terena, are you really not dead?"

"How can you ask such a question? Do you not see me alive and well, and happy? Oh, so happy!"

"I know and believe that the soul can not die. But was it not your body that was found in Lincoln Park, and that the Coroner's Jury sat upon?"

"You are right, but I am come again for your sake, that you should not think hardly

of me. How could you believe I would kill myself? My husband knocked me down with a blow from a bottle on the back of my head, fracturing my skull. He then put my body into an old sack and carried it to the Park, watched his opportunity, and threw it into the pond."

The strain upon the widow's nerves was too great for endurance. She fainted, and when she returned to consciousness, the apparition, or whatever it was, had disappeared. The truthfulness, the reality, the importance of what she had seen and heard, were so impressed upon her mind that she went early next day to visit the Coroner, to whom she told the story.

Of course, that official laughed at the tale, called her a monomaniac, and told her to go to some spiritualist with her yarn, for that they only needed a thing to be impossible in order to believe it. The advice was given in scorn, for the matter-of-fact Coroner had no sympathy whatever with spiritualist manifestations, and probably held rather hazy views about a future life anyhow. But the woman persevered, and carried her story from one high official to another, until she saw and was introduced to a legal gentleman

well known as a believer in actual manifestations from the Spirit Land.

He determined to quietly investigate the matter, and ascertain what credit could be attached to so singular a circumstance. His first act was to have the body exhumed and examined. This, his official position enabled him to have done. It was evident at once that the woman had died from a blow on the head. The skull was broken; the fracture was semi-circular, and the long hair had been carefully folded over the wound, and kept in place by one of those head-bands so constantly worn by Polish women.

Next, without the issuance of a warrant, the man, Bernhard Rubas, was brought before the J——, who closely questioned him in his private office. The man was defiant, and denied, in toto, every accusation or insinuation that he had any hand in his wife's death. Finally, he offered to make oath that he knew nothing of her, except that she was still in bed when he left home in the morning, and must have got up and walked to the Park. But in the very act of lifting the sacred volume to his lips, retribution, swift and terrible, overtook him. His tongue seemed par-

alyzed, his lower jaw dropped, his eyes almost started from their sockets, and he stared fixedly at a spot a few feet off. All looked in that direction, but could see nothing. With a violent effort, the murderer broke the silence, exclaiming :—

"Terena! Terena! forgive me; forgive me. Let me rest ; let me rest."

He then fell to the floor in terrible convulsions. He was placed under the care of a physician of good standing, and his ravings clearly proved the manner of his crime. Again and again he acted it over in his delirium, and ever imagined that the spirit of his murdered wife stood just at the head of the bed, but always beyond his reach. He never recovered his senses, and is now an inmate of one of the "violent" wards in the Insane Asylum.

The facts as given above were suppressed at the time, but an examination of the records will establish their substantial truth ; only the names being changed. Of course the criminal code contains no provision for the reception of evidence from the spirit world, and during the continuance of Rubas' insanity, he can not be placed on trial. We have no theories to advance, and the

reader must take this mysterious history on its merits, premising only that the scene in the private office of the legal official spoken of, was witnessed by no less than seven reputable persons, and that the Polish widow to whom the apparition confided the dreadful secret, is a woman of good character, and had no motive for deception.

there had evidently been threats of a separation. The Congregationalists present looked at their Episcopalian brethren in triumph, as much as to say, "We told you so;" but the latter returned the look with interest, since it was not quite clear who was the wronged person in this connubial tift.

All eyes were turned on Bartel when he was called upon to tell what he knew about the affair. Many of the neighbors had not seen him since he left the town a year before, and they scanned his dull, almost repulsive features, with an eager desire to discover traces of the gay but blood-thirsty Lothario who had played sad havoc with the domestic peace of David Jones, and finally sent the honest farmer hurrying to his last account.

Their scrutiny was by no means satisfactory to the country critics. Dick was morose and sullen, and more than one remarked that the woman who could squander wifely honor for such an ill-favored scoundrel was fitter for a lunatic asylum than an honored niche in Montcalm society.

As he took the oath to tell the truth, and nothing but the truth, Bartel shot a quick, in-

"Believe me, Sarah, there is a sweeter pleasure than that of vengeance; that of pardon. I do not tell you to forget; I know that one can not command one's heart—but forgive! Remember that there are about you many creatures unhappier than yourself, and concentrate your thoughts on the noble aim of saving so many unfortunates from misery and the cruelty of their lords. Remember——"

"Forgive?" she interrupted bitterly. "At this moment when vengeance is within my grasp, do you know what is my only regret? It is that this vengeance will be insufficient to satisfy the hatred that consumes me!"

"Sarah!"

"Yes, I would like to be able to invent new tortures; I would like to be able to unite in one mass all the sorrows, all the insults I have suffered, in order to crush the Count and his bride, in order to make them suffer in one day what I have suffered all my life! Oh! I would like to trample their hearts under my feet, and read a mortal anguish in each pulsation!"

"For Heaven's sake, Sarah, be calm!"

"Who speaks to me of Heaven?" she cried violently. "I know no longer anything but Hell! I tell you, Florian, the perfidy of the Count and the contempt of my rival have been to me like so much poison poured into my veins. Ah! If this poisoned blood could but fall drop by drop upon the hearts of those who have wronged me!"

As she spoke these words the movement of the lights in the chapel showed that the bridal train was about to leave it.

She shivered and moaned, there was such a change in the way Andras pronounced this word, which he had spoken a moment before in tones so loving and caressing,—*Princess.*

Now the word threatened her.

"Listen! I am going to tell you: I wished—Ah! My God! My God! Unhappy woman that I am! Do not read, do not read!"

Andras, who had turned very pale, gently removed her grasp from the package, and said, very slowly and gravely, but with a tenderness in which hope still appeared:

"Come, Marsa, let us see; what do you wish me to think? Why do you wish me not to read these letters? for letters they doubtless are. What have letters sent me by Count Menko to do with you? You do not wish me to read them?"

He paused a moment, and then, while Marsa's eyes implored him with the mute prayer of a person condemned to death by the executioner, he repeated:

"You do not wish me to read them? Well, so be it; I will not read them, but upon one condition: you must swear to me, understand, swear to me, that your name is not traced in these letters, and that Michel Menko has nothing in common with the Princess Zilah."

She listened, she heard him; but Andras wondered if she understood, she stood there so still and motionless, as if stupefied by the shock of a moral tempest.

"There is, I am certain," he continued in the same calm, slow voice, "there is within this envelope, some lie, some plot. I will not even know what it is. I will not ask you a single question, and I will throw these letters,

over, that Sir Mervyn Ferrand was her husband; that he had ill-used her. She would most certainly know to whom Philippa had fled. It did not follow that because I was ignorant as to who were my neighbors, they knew nothing about me. At any rate, William, my man, would know the truth. So far as I could see, to-morrow or, by the latest, the next day Philippa would be arrested for the crime. Most probably, I should also be included in the arrest. For that I seemed to care nothing; except that it might hinder me from helping my poor girl.

Any hope of removing Philippa—there, put it in plain words—any hope of flight, for days, even weeks, was vain. Let everything go as well as can be in such cases, the girl must be kept in seclusion and quiet for at least a fortnight or three weeks. I groaned as I thought of what would happen if Philippa was arrested and carried before the magistrates, accused of the awful crime. From that moment until the day of her death she would be insane.

HV
6795
C4
M32
1886
RARE
BK RM

Yet, what help was there for it? The moment the deed is known—the moment Mrs. Wilson learns that Sir Mervyn Ferrand has been found shot through the heart, she will let it be known that Lady Ferrand is at hand; and Lady Fer-

FEDORA; or the Tragedy in the Rue de la Paix. Translated from the French of ADOLPHE BÉLOT. Illustrated. 12mo, cloth, 303 pages.

A most original, powerful and exciting French romance. Every character must have had its living model. For high dramatic action, intense and thrilling interest and appalling climax, absolutely unsurpassed in modern fiction.

It is a work which places its author at once among the most brilliant and powerful novelists of his time—*Albany Sunday Press.*

Since the appearance of "Les Miserables," nothing of French authorship has elicited such unstinted praise.—*Newark (N. J.) Call.*

"Fedora" will be read because unregenerate human nature is bad. It is a French detective story, dealing, as all such stories do, with a mysterious murder, a sharp detective, an abandoned woman, and with intrigues, revelations and violent deaths.—*Hartford Evening Post.*

The story is highly exciting, and contains numerous love scenes peculiar to Paris. There is a strength of diction and brilliancy of rhetoric peculiar to the eminent French novelists.—*Newark Daily Journal.*

As a detective story "Fedora" deserves to rank with Poe's "Murder of Marie Roget," and Miss Harriet Prescott Spofford's "In a Cellar." It fully equals them in intricacy of plot and ingenuity of execution.—*Chicago Tribune.*

The dramatization of "Fedora" has created a furore in Paris, and is regarded as one of the gems of Madame Bernhardt's repertoire. It is thoroughly French, and those who desire to read of crime and debauchery will find an abundant feast in "Fedora."—*Chicago Inter Ocean.*

The plot is remarkable in its dramatic handling, points of suspense, and in the art of baffling the reader. An inside view of the fast life in Paris, the courts of justice and the hidden ways of criminals, treated boldly and in full detail, but without coarseness or exaggeration.—*Boston Globe.*

WON AT WEST POINT; a Romance on the Hudson. By "FUSH." 12mo, cloth, 300 pages. Price, $1.25

A charming American story, marked by brilliancy of style, keenness of satire, frolicsome wit and mirth-provoking humor. Irreproachable in tone, suitable for parlor or boudoir, and just the story to banish the dreary monotony of "riding on the rail."

The valley of the Hudson has been the scene of many a song and story, of legend and romance. This book makes a contribution, and a charming one, to the list. * * * The tale is told with great spirit, graphic coloring and considerable humor. The interest is maintained to the last.—*Albany Sunday Express.*

This latest addition to native fiction literature is a witty, entertaining romance of the Hudson, with the great Military Academy as its turning point. * * * "Won at West Point" is a strong novel, and it can but please all classes of readers. It will be particularly interesting to those who have had experience at the Point. The novel is elegantly printed and handsomely bound.—*Troy (N. Y.) Evening Standard.*

A hilarious sketch of the social life of cadets at West Point. * * * These chronicles of the cadets are jolly and life-like.—*Cincinnati Commercial-Gazette.*

A lively story, based on gay incidents at the National Academy, written by a graduate of the class of '81. * * * A pleasing insight is given to the interior of the School with its workings, customs, jokes and impositions. The book will be read with interest by a large class of readers.—*Indianapolis Daily Journal.*

☞ Mailed, on receipt of price, by

RAND, McNALLY & CO., PUBLISHERS,

148, 150, 152 and 154 Monroe St., Chicago.

WARNER BRO'S

CELEBRATED

CORALINE

CORSETS

Mary Ann was within a few months of her confinement, and was anxious to get a Coraline in order to be well shaped in front and back.

FLEXIBLE HIP · HEALTH · NURSING · ABDOMINAL · CORALINE · MISSES

Coraline is not Jersey, Jute, Tampico, or Mexican Cross.
Coraline is used in no goods except those sold by WARNER BROTHERS.
The genuine Coraline is superior to whalebone, and gives honest wear at perfect satisfaction.
Imitations are a fraud and dear at any price.
For sale by all leading merchants. Price from $1.00 up.

WARNER BROTHERS,

359 BROADWAY, NEW YORK. 341 & 343 WABASH AVE., CHICAGO.